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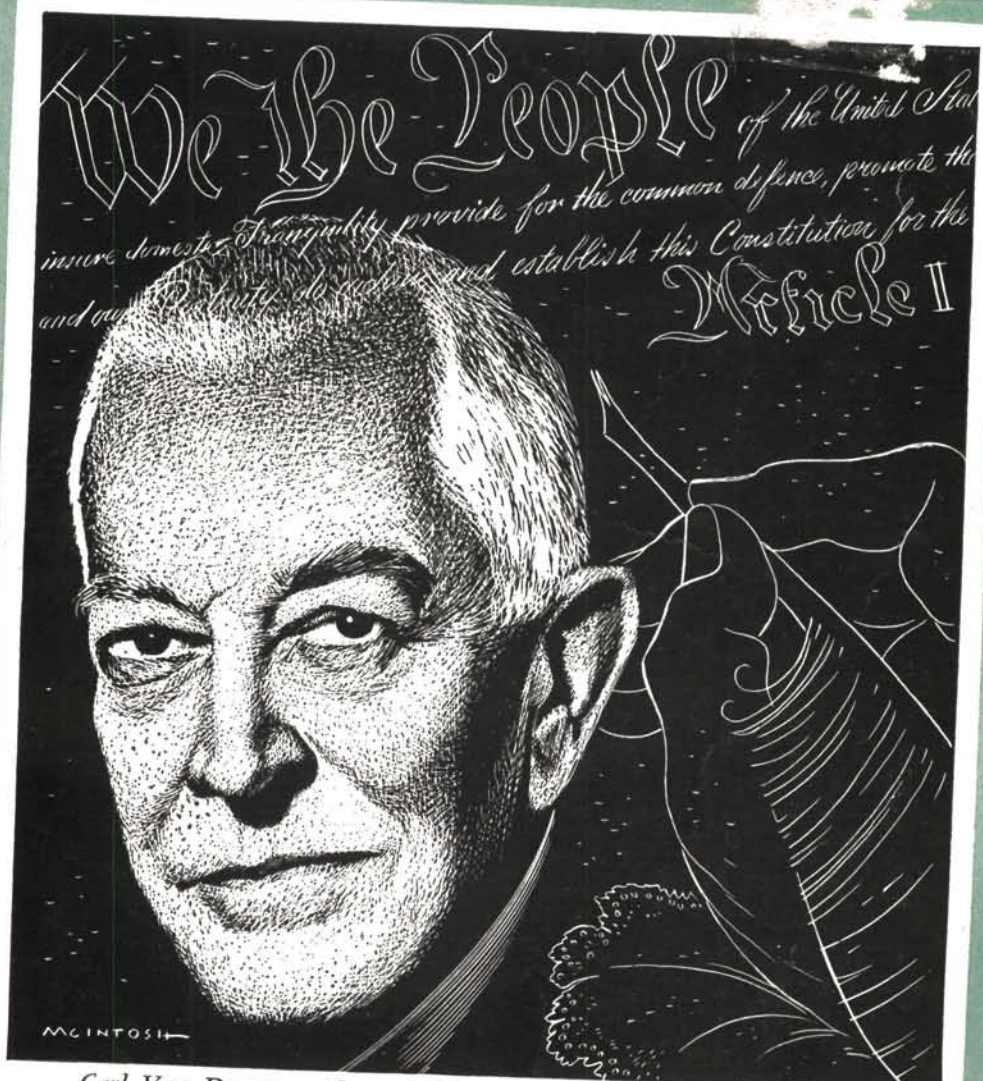
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Article I
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Carl Van Doren, author of "The Great Rehearsal." *(See page 7)*

The "Little Men" of Literature

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

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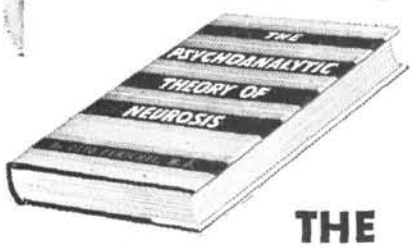

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Articles

PAGE

THE "LITTLE MEN" OF LITERATURE
By Ben Lucien Burman..... 5

THE WHITE HOUSE DOGHOUSE
By Eliot Janeway.....18

Reviews

THE GREAT REHEARSAL
By Carl Van Doren
Reviewed by Stringfellow Barr..... 7

LEWIS AND CLARK: PARTNERS IN DISCOVERY
By John Bakeless
Reviewed by Dale L. Morgan..... 8

A TREASURY OF NEW ENGLAND FOLKLORE
By B. A. Botkin
Reviewed by Richard M. Dorson.... 9

OUR AMERICAN LANGUAGE
By Richard D. Mallery
Reviewed by Horace Reynolds.....10

1000 AMERICANS
By George Seldes
Reviewed by Robert S. Allen.....10

THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA
By Vera Micheles Dean
Reviewed by Philip E. Mosely.....12

THE SILENT PEOPLE SPEAK
By Robert St. John
Reviewed by Robert Lee Wolff.....13

DEFEAT IN THE WEST
By Milton Shulman
Reviewed by Harold C. Deutsch.....14

THE YEARS OF THE PILGRIMAGE
By Kenneth S. Davis
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst.....15

VAIN CITADELS
By Bryan S. Morgan

VENUS AND THE VOTERS
By Gwyn Thomas
Reviewed by Eric L. McKitrick.....16

THREE FIELDS TO CROSS
By Frances Tysen Nutt
Reviewed by Ray Pierre.....16

THE BENNETT PLACE
By Michael De Capite
Reviewed by Catherine Meredith Brown 17

THE HOODED HAWK
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis
Reviewed by Herbert Askwith.....25

BREAKING NEW GROUND
By Gifford Pinchot
Reviewed by Russell Lord.....25

POTEMKIN
By George Soloveytchik
Reviewed by D. Fedotoff White.....27

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 3

MY CURRENT READING
By Judith Anderson..... 6

LITERARY I.Q. 14

LITERARY CRYPT 15

EDITORIAL 20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....21

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....22

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....26

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton.....29

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....31

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....32

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 721.....35

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TRADE Winds

"I'LL READ your manuscript myself tonight," I told an impatient author at our office, and I meant it too—but when I got home a copy of Stewart Holbrook's new "Story of American Railroads" (Crown Publishers) was on my desk, and I knew my resolution was in vain. Stewart has tackled a fascinating subject with his usual verve and thoroughness, and the result is a book that will delight anybody who ever got a kick out of watching an express train whizz by. I particularly liked his chapter about "news butchers" (notable examples: Thomas Edison, William A. Brady, Ernest Haycox) and his summary of dramas and ballads of the rails. . . . I hadn't realized that it was the railroad owners who established the four "standard" times — Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific in the United States. The agitation for such a move was started, surprisingly, by the principal of a school for girls. The railroads put it into practice on October 18, 1883, amidst widespread prophecies of confusion and accidents, none of which was borne out. Two adamant holdouts were a Tennessee preacher named Watson who pounded his watch into a pulp with a claw hammer in his pulpit, explaining that the four time belts made timepieces worthless —and the Federal government, which officially ignored the system for the next thirty-five years. . . .

THE FOLLOWING ANONYMOUS contribution arrived in a manila envelope devoid of all identification save a tiny legend in the upper left-hand corner, reading "Sussman and Sugar: Advertising":

MR. BUMP OKAYS AN "AD"

Publisher Anthony Bump sat at his rosewood conference desk admiring the full-page advertisement that Gordon Wildword, his adman, had just brought him. A glow of contentment settled tenderly over Bump's person as he held the advertisement away from him and turned it at an angle to catch the light.

Now *here* was an ad! True, he had had to lash into Wildword a bit before the copy acquired that distinctive Bump tone. But it was worth the fuss. After all, nothing good ever gets done unless you do it yourself. That, Bump believed, was a fact of life. There were two others: 1. Adjectives have no place in advertising. 2. Anyone and everyone is qualified to prejudge advertising.

Whenever Bump and Wildword disagreed about such things, Bump never threw rank into the argument. In fact, he was scrupulously fair, even generous, about the way in which he resolved such disputes. With a gesture of utter disinterest, and without any prompting whatever, Bump would show the ad or copy to every man, woman, or child that happened to stray near, until he found someone who agreed with him. At that point, Wildword would find himself in the silly position of either getting into step with the rest of the world (now shrunk to the size of Bump and cohort) or of being branded stubborn and a fool.

Only once did Wildword come out of such a scramble with his text intact and buttoned up safely. Bump appealed that time to one of his partners and, much to his chagrin, was told, "Tony, you're nuts! The copy is good. Leave it alone." But the victory was short-lived. Bump later found someone who didn't like the ad when it appeared in print. Wildword's bruises still show on cold days.

What bothered Wildword most, however, since he loved his job and worked hard at it, was the distressing discovery that every man, woman, and child in the country—all 140,000,000 of them—seemed to know more about it than he did. He often wondered what shortcuts they had used to learn what had cost him so many rugged years of patient study. That they were all advertising experts was obvious from talking to them. They knew the answers to everything. It worried him that some of them might even be right. He couldn't recall all of the kibitzers who tried to "get in the act." There were too many of them. But these he remembered, for one painful reason or another:

The publicity man who was always telling everybody, in mellifluous double-talk, exactly how to advertise books, but was always adding parenthetically, "Of course, you can't say it in those words. . . ."

The author who complained venomously about the advertising of her new novel and, when asked to suggest *her* idea of a good ad, submitted this: "Better than 'War and Peace,' wiser than 'The Way of All Flesh,' wittier than 'The Decameron,' the new novel by Mary Lemon. . . ."

The shipping-clerk-with-ideas who kept asking, at all the hall conferences, "Why, if a book's important, don't you say so?"

The stenographer-who-just-knew-she-could-write who wondered why on earth publishers ever quoted from books, since it "proved how dull the books were."

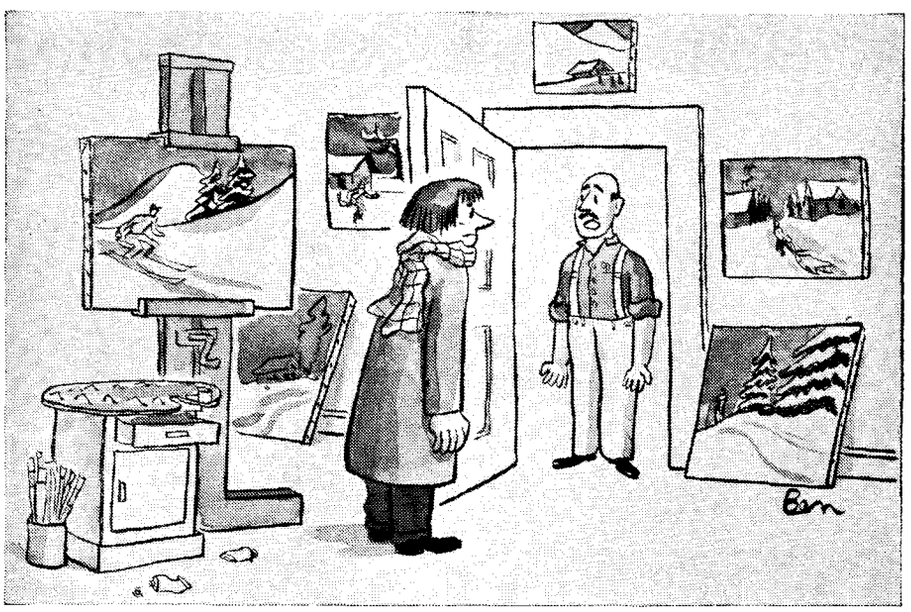
The salesman who screamed, at sales conferences, for local advertising in his territory "to back up the dealer," but gave it to Wildword as his *private* opinion that the only advertising worth a continental was concentration of large space in the big-city book sections "to make a splash and let the trade know you mean it."

The blurb writer who supplied advance material about books and didn't really care what you did with her copy, provided you used it *just* as she wrote it . . . without cuts or changes, that is.

The editor who knew, of a certainty, that best sellers were created editorially, while plugs were the unfortunate victims of advertising incompetence.

These, and others like them, made Wildword's days interesting and his nights restive. But every now and then . . . those nightmares! Wildword remembered that Anthony Bump had once mentioned that he knew a good psychoanalyst. He mustn't forget to ask him for the name of the man.

He turned from the window, where he had been watching the



"But none of the other tenants have complained about the house being cold!"

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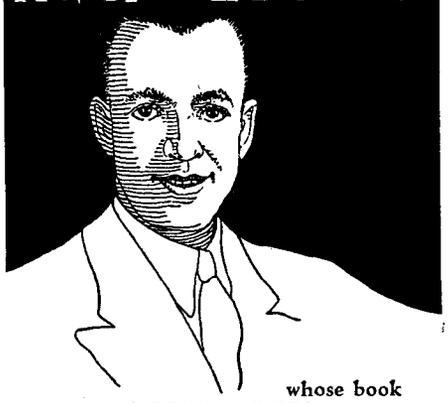

whose book
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tangle of traffic below him, and saw with horror that Bump had placed the paste-up of the ad flat on his desk and was slashing across the fresh type-proofs with a sharpened red crayon. He heard Bump's voice, but the words didn't seem to make sense.

"It's beautiful, Gordon . . . just *beautiful.* I'm suggesting a few minor changes. . . ."

SOON AFTER DAN PARKER won a byline for himself on the sports page of a big New York paper, he set about exposing the racket of a notorious race track tout who brazenly insisted he could fix any claiming race at the Saratoga meeting then in progress, and offered to do so upon receipt of the modest sum of one dollar in cash. Parker's column bristled with indignation and scorn. Within the following week, however, he received over a hundred letters enclosing currency. Would Mr. Parker forward same to the lovely gentleman who could fix races?

Parker told his story to Arthur Brisbane, who didn't believe it. When Parker produced the actual letters, Brisbane sighed, and remarked, "I was wrong all the time." "You mean about my fabricating the story of the letters?" asked Dan. "No," said Brisbane. "In my estimate of the mental age of newspaper readers. I always put it at twelve. I guess it's nearer eight."

Incidentally, Parker's recent book, "The ABC of Horse Racing" was designed to prove that betting on the nags never paid. A coupon ad headed "You can't win on horse races" pulled seventeen orders. An ad of exactly the same size and in the same newspaper headed "If you *must* bet on horse races . . ." pulled two hundred and forty.

BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The "Little Men" of Literature

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In* SRL *Sept. 13, Louis Bromfield began a series of articles exploring the literary troubles of the times. After Conrad Aiken [Sept. 20], Margaret Halsey [Oct. 18], and the anonymous author of "Tripe, Inc." [Nov. 22] had had their say, Mr. Bromfield returned to the field with a more particularized attack on the literary critics [Dec. 27]. Ben Lucien Burman, war correspondent and author of "Steamboat Round the Bend," "Blow for a Landing," and other books, now contributes his own vigorous indictment of the critics. Later articles in this series will return to more general themes.*

THE dwarfs have taken over the castle and are throwing out the giants.

The castle is our literature. The dwarfs are the Little Men who have seized present-day criticism.

I am not speaking of those critical figures who encourage art and beauty wherever they find it. I am talking of those Little Men, of petty minds and petty talents, who, while the guards nodded, have climbed into the seats of judgment.

They may be well known, they may be dark anonymities hidden in the back of some weekly of vast circulation who insult their culture-seeking readers with cynical omnipotence. Their creed is always the same; they are against beauty in all its phases, against humanity. They are the celebrants at the adoration of the evil, the brutal; they are the high priests of the cult of the slaughter-house and the sewer.

For the sorry state of criticism, the writers must hold themselves much to blame. The literary artist, concerned solely in the creation of a book or story as close to perfection as his powers will permit, is generally a quiet individual, contemplative, retiring. On occasion he can be roused to action by some dire emergency; he can be influenced to anger by some grievous social wrong which calls for desperate remedy. But mostly he is prone to sit in his tower reflecting over the absurdities of a foolish world, asking only to be left alone with his labor. Never aggressive in his own interest, seeking only peace, like the peaceful throughout history he lays himself open to aggression. Thus he does not see the enemy who has stolen into the shadows at the rear of his retreat, and is slowly scaling the walls.

Such has been the course of events today. While the artists slept, the critical dwarfs have entered and put changelings in their beds, grim monstrosities without form, without soul. They have given the monsters a new language, written out a new set of definitions. Black is white, and white is black. The ugly and the nauseous are the beautiful; the beautiful is nightmare.

We hear it said that criticism today is unkind to Galsworthy, to de Maupassant. Tomorrow it will be Anatole France. What is meant by criticism today? The phrase is meaningless, for criticism has ceased to exist. We have only the judgments of the Little Men with their cults of realism or existentialism or whatever the fad of the moment may be. I for one reject their religion. I refuse to bow before their idols of Stein, or wave their joss sticks of Joyce. The situation approaches pure fantasy. It is as though the lunatics in an asylum had locked up the guards, and, pointing to their unhappy keepers behind the bars, called on the passersby to behold the insane.

The influence of the Little Men is growing over the world, in other spheres as well as literature. The earth is passing through a poisonous belt of vapor, like that of the Wellsian legend, and men have lost their senses. We feed on crises and breathe hysteria. Professional patriots who wave flags for profit tell selfless Americans how to love their country; men who have spent a few hours in uniform tell others who have risked their lives in battle the meaning of courage and freedom. Hardened reactionaries call themselves liberals. Great nations, forgetting that the strong need never be blusterers, go about like angry schoolboys, screaming insults, and daring the others to knock the chips from their national shoulders.

IN such frenzied atmosphere, when the minds of men are paralyzed and their judgments are frozen, the Little Men of all categories come into their kingdom. Evil is the child of decay. The words of the wise, the philosophers, are lost in the frenzy of the multitude.

Thus the Little Men of literature

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My Current Reading

Judith Anderson, actress, now playing on Broadway in Robinson Jeffers's adaptation of "Medea," contributes a list of her reading:

THE BIBLE

THE PROPHET, *by Kahlil Gibran (Knopf)*

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ROBINSON JEFFERS

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

SO WORTHY A FRIEND: WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *by Charles Norman (Rinehart)*

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS

OF HUMAN BONDAGE, *by Somerset Maugham (Doubleday)*

THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN, *by Thomas Mann (Knopf)*

ULYSSES, *by James Joyce (Random House)*

AGE CANNOT WITHER: THE STORY OF DUSE AND D'ANNUNZIO, *by Bertita Harding (Lippincott)*

RAINTREE COUNTY, *by Ross Lockridge, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin)*

are in their full glory. They are blind Little Men, who see no beauty in the world. And sightless themselves, like the natives of Wells's other grimly truthful tale of the land where all men were blind, they insist that those with eyes be blinded also. Were they unchecked, no objective literary artist would be permitted to write today. They would flog him with their sharpest critical lashes until he conformed, or else would drive him off to starve in the bleak literary deserts.

With their accomplices, the so-called realistic writers, merely pygmies of another tribe, they proclaim that they alone know life, that they alone know the secrets of its depiction. They deny all art, which is man's salvation. They repudiate all joy and laughter. Existence for them is a long, self-conscious funeral where they are at once corpse and mourners. Let the reader be steeped long enough in their dismal creations, and he emerges with his vision wildly distorted. All men are mad or degenerate; all sons brain their mothers with hatchets or sleep with their sisters. The abnormal is the usual; the outlandish the everyday. It is like a street that I know in New York, full of drunkards reeling giddily. The visitor leaves with the feeling that it is usual to walk at an angle, and very odd to be perpendicular.

I have experienced most of the events and accidents that can come to a writer. I have lived with the self-termed sophisticated; I have dwelt with untutored, primitive individuals in many parts of the world, as well as America. I have learned to expect little from humanity. I have come to believe that perhaps ninety per cent of the beings who inhabit the earth, if left alone, are naturally honest and kindly, even though ignorant in varying degrees. The trouble is caused by the vicious ten per cent who for profit prey upon that ignorance with false doctrines and philosophies.

The average human being is an essentially childish character, ever reaching out and trying to grasp what he considers happiness. As a writer I am most interested in poor, simple people, who are delighted by the gift of a picture postcard or the sight of a fireworks exhibition. But I have observed that this basic childishness extends through all classes, from a Negro picking cotton on a Mississippi plantation, to some fashionably clad woman dining in a luxurious restaurant on Park Avenue.

The watching of these childish figures as they struggle on to their elusive goals is the author's strength, the source of his literary riches. But if he watches honestly he will see that it is a varied procession of many colors, white, red, gray, blue. Certainly it is not all black, as the Little Men insist it must be painted. It may be crowded with the tragic, the sordid, but there are joy and beauty as well. It is a procession so fascinating that though I knew annihilation were to come by an atomic bomb at five o'clock tomorrow, I would still be enjoying the parade at 4:59. I see no other course valid, no other philosophy possible. Man's horizon need not be merely the bottom of a board floating on a cesspool. If I felt otherwise, I should take one of the quick poisons I have learned about during my journeys in Africa, and end the trouble in a hurry.

It is this delight in life's procession of which the Little Men have robbed us; here lies their greatest crime. They have destroyed humor, that precious quality which so often saves the individual from stupidity and arrogance. For laughter they have substituted a sneer. They have denounced the writer's most vital possession, sensitivity, and falsely called it sentimentality. They have banished all emotions except disgust and horror. They have made the young, insecure writers, terrified of critical condemnation, avoid any appearance of humanity lest they be classed with drugstore novels and relegated to some frozen literary hell. They outlaw the objective author who lets mankind reveal itself, with no dogmatic or political axes to grind. The objective author is the true realist. He is perfectly aware that there is plumbing in the bathroom; but he does not feel it necessary to install that plumbing in the parlor and exhibit it to his visitors twenty-four hours a day.

NO artist can help but be a part of his time, and reflect it in his writing. When he tells of a factory or a mine he would be a blind fool if he did not sense and express the turmoil in our society. If he is intelligent he cannot help but attack prejudice and battle cruelty. No subject is barred to his pen; there can be no question of narrow morality, which varies with the climate and the pigment of the skin. But he need not see social significance in a sunset; he need not find the reflection of the class struggle in the gentle swaying of a pine branch overhanging a river. There need be only one criterion, that of artistry.

The Little Men have sinned too often against art and objectivity. They have destroyed poetry and the poetic imagination. They have destroyed all the music of writing, the magic of words. They are unaware that man in the dim beginnings of history often told his stories to the accompaniment of the flute and the drum. Of faint culture and feeble endowments they do not care how crudely the book is written as long as its theories coincide with their own interpretations; they have helped enormously in creating the superstition so popular today that anyone can be a writer. The current feeling reminds me of a sign in the window of a rhumba academy I frequently pass: "If you can walk, we can teach you to dance." The motto today in letters is almost parallel: "If you can hold a pencil you can write a novel." It is a natural development of a state of authorship that has lost all style, all subtlety, and knows only the obvious. Even

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Americana. *Three major events in the early history of the United States steered it onto the path of "union, one and indivisible" from coast to coast. The Northwest Ordinance of 1785, bringing in the first new states on equality with the old, prevented new countries or colonies from being formed to the westward. The Constitutional Convention of 1787 brought union to thirteen independent nations; and the expedition of Lewis and Clark (so ably studied in Bakeless's book, reviewed below) opened to the American imagination the potentialities of the Far West. These were not spontaneous events; they were the product all three of hard work and daring leadership against apparently insuperable odds. Carl Van Doren, in "The Great Rehearsal," has, in describing the making of the Constitution, brought home to us this lesson.*

Interstate Anarchy, 1787....1948

THE GREAT REHEARSAL. By Carl Van Doren. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 336 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by STRINGFELLOW BARR

THIS is the tense, dramatic story of how a daring generation of Americans drafted and ratified our Federal Constitution. It is the story of how they fought against what looked like hopeless odds to substitute government and law for the destructive anarchy of thirteen competing sovereign states. It is a moving, and at times heartbreaking, story; and it makes the reader proud to be an American and proud to belong to the human race.

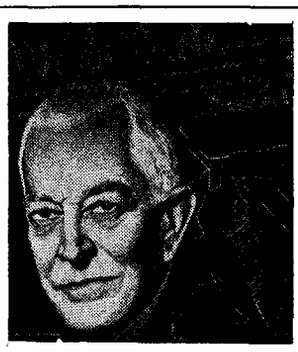
I suspect that history will one day record that the American genius made two, and only two, major contributions to human civilization: the federal principle in politics and mass production in economics. There had been "federations" of sorts long before Philadelphia; and it was England, not America, that launched the industrial revolution. But the Federal Constitution is a far subtler device than any previous federal effort; and American mass production is different enough in degree from what England did, to be different in kind. "The Great Rehearsal" is the story of the first, and greater, of these two American contributions.

As the title suggests, and as the preface declares, Carl Van Doren has told this story because what Washington and Madison and Hamilton and the other constitutionalists unwittingly did was to rehearse for us what history demands that we now do: set up a common government in the community we inhabit. In our case that means the world of national states, which is now infinitely closer knit than were the thirteen states, so far as time and space are concerned, and therefore much more dangerous to one another. But, alas, it means government for a community even less knit culturally than were those thirteen states.

The story of the Philadelphia Convention which drafted our American Constitution has of course been told many times, but Carl Van Doren has done a signal service in retelling it. Not many Americans would have gone back to those earlier accounts. And in this they may have shown a sure instinct. What our generation has been waiting for is this brief, simple, vivid, fast-moving narrative, told in the light of our own current problem. For that problem has made our generation uniquely sensitive, perhaps even more than the generation that saw secession loom, to what these men at Philadelphia were doing. Mr. Van Doren has put to 1787 the questions we want put, and "The Great Rehearsal" is history's answers to those questions.

Many readers will challenge the title of this book, to prevent the title from challenging them. They have forgotten, if they once knew, how deadly and how nearly complete the parallel is between the interstate anarchy of 1787 and the interstate anarchy of 1948. If they remembered, the cowardice of our generation in tackling that problem would make 1948 a very unhappy new year. Such readers might read "The Great Rehearsal" and ask themselves in candor whether the obstacles to world government now outweigh, on balance, the obstacles to union of the thirteen states. It is a nice question. Then let them ask themselves whether the penalty for inaction in 1787 could have compared with the penalty that faces us. That one is easy.

Let them note the panic of the small



THE AUTHOR: In 1936, when he was fifty-one, Carl Van Doren divided his life autobiographically into "Three Worlds." Now he's all out for one. Somewhat symbolically, he saw the light while convalescing from an eye operation. Later, at the Rollins College Conference, parallels he pointed between current and Colonial fears of federation so satisfied his troubled audience that he was urged to write a book for people unable to hear his country-wide addresses. "I don't think Russia's imperialism is much more than a mood of self-preservation," says Mr. Van Doren. "We should convince Stalin that USSR would have proportional representation in a world government just as the states have in the Union." Mr. Van Doren would be a good man to do it. Trusting him at sight is reflex action. He's sincere, physically impressive, with a comfortable bigness that reflects his boyhood on an Illinois farm and Pennsylvania German, Dutch, and Indian ancestry. He has warmth and wit, without trace of pedantry despite nineteen years' teaching English at Columbia. He was headmaster at Brearly, literary editor of *The Nation* and *The Century Magazine*, editor-in-chief of the Literary Guild, which he helped found, managing editor of "The Cambridge History of American Literature." In 1939, his "Benjamin Franklin" won a Pulitzer Prize. "Secret History of the American Revolution" two years later revealed a cache of hitherto unpublished documents. Other works include "The American Novel," "Contemporary American Novelists," "James Branch Cabell," "Swift," "The Life of Thomas Love Peacock," "Sinclair Lewis," and a novel, "The Ninth Wave." During the war his "American Scriptures" series for the New York Philharmonic was acclaimed by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. He works in a capacious apartment overlooking Central Park, fortified by chocolate bars and cigarette chains. "I'm not much interested in Utopias," he says, "but we can learn from the past. I hope a good many Senators read 'The Great Rehearsal'." R. G.

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states, the fears of influential office-holders, the slavery issue, the frank dislike between the peoples of some of the states, the language problem, the provincialism parading as patriotism, the honest misgivings of men like George Mason, the bombastic but influential philippics of Patrick Henry, the commercial jealousies, the fear of a super-government, the wrangles over representation, the veiled threats of foreign alliance, and—above all—the novelty of the problem.

Whence does this book derive its peculiar force? Not from the writing, which is more than competent but not inspired. I suggest its strength comes from sources which other historians might profitably note. Not all these sources can be tapped for every history, but some can.

"The Great Rehearsal" is the story of a struggle, and every reporter knows that a conflict makes good reading. But the struggle is not merely animal: it is a struggle of ideas. Moreover, the ideas are great ideas, matrix ideas. They are not merely entertained: they are embodied in dangerous actions. In the conflict, the happiness of generations is the stake. These are the elements, not only of great drama, but of great history.

But "The Great Rehearsal" goes further. It records a dramatic conflict over substantially the same issue that is the main issue its readers face. This adds an extra interest that is "occasional" but powerful in effect. To exploit that interest properly, Mr. Van Doren had to understand what many historians delight in denying, that "history repeats itself." (If it did not, of course, nobody would want an "experienced" man for any purpose whatsoever. The statesman is a man who can detect the repetitions.) Like Thucydides, Mr. Van Doren apparently knows that "an exact knowledge of the past" is "an aid to the interpretation of the future, which in the course of human things must resemble if it does not reflect it."

Mr. Van Doren deliberately performed two separate and successive acts. First, he chose to record a series of human actions, a history of which would be useful to his readers: he thereby guaranteed his book against triviality or irrelevance. Second, he devoted himself single-heartedly to recording those events faithfully, judiciously, and vividly: he thereby guaranteed his book against moralizing propaganda. By these two acts he placed his book in the great tradition of historical writing.

Stringfellow Barr, author, educator, and one-time editor of The Virginia Quarterly Review, *was until recently president of St. John's College.*

Captains of the Great Exploration

John Bakeless "lends no credence to the sentimental nonsense about Sacagawa."

LEWIS AND CLARK: PARTNERS IN DISCOVERY. By John Bakeless. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1947. 498 pp. $5.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

WE HAVE had to wait a long while for a good book on Lewis and Clark, and now at last we have one. Anyone who writes about the West comes to have a proprietary feeling about Meriwether Lewis and William Clark and dreams of writing a book about them some day, but all who read this fine experiment in dual biography will address themselves to sober second thoughts before giving any further license to their dreams.

There is something here for everyone. If you know nothing much about the partners in discovery except that in 1804-06 they carried out an incomparable exploration of America from the mouth of the Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia, our national epic of discovery, you will find in John Bakeless's book an ample account of this expedition told with sympathy, historical insight, a thorough appreciation of humorous values, and a lively narrative style. If on the major or minor scale you are a student of Lewis and Clark, you will enjoy Mr. Bakeless's discerning use of the source narratives and his alert use of neglected collateral material, with pages of notes at the end, cryptic enough to be skipped by the general reader, but full of light and meaning to the scholar

Although it is called a dual biography, and labors conscientiously to that end, it is of course essentially an account of the great exploration which has made its heroes immortal. Something like 400 pages are devoted to this exploration, and the treatment of the early life of both Lewis and Clark is shaped by the conception that their lives were a practical preparation to become the instruments of Thomas Jefferson's life-long dream. Lewis's career came tragically to its end hardly more than three years after the return of the expedition, and though Clark lived with considerable distinction until his death in St. Louis in September 1838—as Superintendent of Indian Affairs and as Governor of Missouri Territory—Mr. Bakeless has chosen to regard the final phase of Clark's career as of only incidental interest to his project of a dual biography, and has found a single chapter sufficient to get over this ground. On artistic grounds, Mr. Bakeless was right; historically we may, in this respect almost alone, feel that we have not been well done by.

Not many know much about the early life of the great captains, and they will be pleased by Mr. Bakeless's story of their Virginia beginnings and their training in the wilderness campaigns of the United States Army (euphemistically called the "Legion of the United States," to get around certain Congressional prejudices) after the American Revolution. Mr. Bakeless's own Army background, as a veteran of two world wars, and a G2 staff officer, adds piquancy to his treatment not only of this phase of his story but indeed all of it, with a fine wit impartially distributed over military and civilian minds and institutions, whether of Lewis and Clark's time or our own. Of equal interest is his careful inquiry into the vexed question of whether Lewis committed suicide or was murdered, when in Tennessee on his way to Washington in 1809.

It is a pleasure, too, to report that Mr. Bakeless lends no credence to the sentimental nonsense about Sacagawa. She is memorable in the annals of the expedition, and was instrumental in coping with several of its multitudinous crises, but Mr. Bakeless sees her in proper perspective. If in this Mr. Bakeless is not the first historian to deal realistically with the expedition, in another respect he is. Nobody else, so far as I am aware, has dealt intelligently with the sexual history of the expedition. Some years ago, when I bought my set of the Original Journals, I noticed with some displeasure that the otherwise monumental index compiled by Dr. Thwaites and his associates was innocent of references

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to the subject, one of considerable interest and importance, to which Mr. Bakeless has devoted an eminently sensible chapter. (One query, however: Maybe one is too quick in concluding that the captains themselves lived the celibate life, on the basis of their journals. Ordway's journal, for instance, by no means kept up with all the extracurricular activities of that enterprising young man. On the other hand, the captains may have experienced the necessity of showing themselves superior in discrimination or asceticism to their men, when both were beset by the uninhibited women of the Indian nations among whom they joined.)

If there is any real weakness in this book, within the terms of what it was Mr. Bakeless set out to do, it is perhaps some deficiencies in background with respect to Indians and Far Western exploration. I believe, too, that Mr. Bakeless accepts too uncritically such things as the historicity of the Charles Le Raye narrative, and that he goes too fast in putting in Meriwether Lewis's heart and mind the dream that so early took hold of Thomas Jefferson.

Yankeeland

A TREASURY OF NEW ENGLAND FOLKLORE. By B. A. Botkin. New York: Crown Publishers. 1947. 934 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by RICHARD M. DORSON

THERE are many good things to be said about Ben Botkin's newest bargain package of folkstuff. It is lighter and fresher than its predecessor, the mysteriously overpraised "Treasury of American Folklore." The endless array of tall tales and jests is now varied with lore of social custom and word coinage and faith belief and local myth. The Yankee character provides a running thread, through the yarns of peddlers and eccentrics and national figures like Cal Coolidge and Ethan Allen to the homegrown Down East folksongs about Yankeeland that close the volume. As always, Mr. Botkin noses down any number of readable snippets. He sees subtle grooves of folk expression, like the grim-comic taunts swapped by neighboring towns. He brings within the covers of a single volume a mass of folkish material scattered through many books and many libraries. His roundup makes an invaluable and provocative sourcebook, and a flavorsome and perky reading book.

There are other things to be said too. The method that Mr. Botkin employs in building up his folklore stockpile cannot give more than a blurred and impressionistic picture of folklore. He ranges through many miscellaneous writings, the fiction of Melville and Rowland Robinson, the humor of Josh Billings and Sam Slick, the jokebooks of obscure compilers, the discursive reminiscings of living writers, the biographies of famous men, antiquarian essays, and WPA manuscripts—and he places the cullings side by side, as if no distinctions existed of style, viewpoint, precision, or purpose. This method makes easy the heaping up of stories; extract from the latest books of Ernest Poole and Mary Heaton Vorse and Jeremiah Digges and Edwin Valentine Mitchell (if you can afford to pay the permissions) and from the older books of Alice Morse Earle and Clifton Johnson and Thomas R. Hazard their juicier tales, and you have a respectable volume already. But you lose the original author's unity and particular response to folk life; the "Jonny-Cake Papers" of Hazard present a superb consistent picture of Narragansett folklore, but redistributed piecemeal throughout this collection the picture is wholly lost.

There is justification for bringing together even very available folk items, dispersed as they rapidly become today through a growing mountain of print. (There is much more need for laboring through the early newspapers, which Mr. Botkin does not examine, where folklore is really buried.) But the results will be necessarily limited. These amateur or unwitting collectors from whom Mr. Botkin collects had no intention of presenting an orderly view of legend or folkway. The sum of their yarns and scenes will not be an album of connected New England folklore, but of many scattered snapshots, taken by different hands, with varying exposures. Actually there is no such thing as New England folklore, as Mr. Botkin himself states, but rather a variety of lores possessed by locality groups, say the Cape Codders; or work groups, like Maine lumberjacks, or race groups, like the French Canadians who bulk large in all the New England states. But these lores can be only imperfectly glimpsed in this treasury.

By his method, Mr. Botkin also cuts himself off from a major segment of New England, and American, folklore; the folklore of nationalities. He has no prejudice against it, for he includes a few French-Canadian tales from Rhode Island and Portuguese tales from Cape Cod. But the marvelously rich lore of Europe and Asia planted in our country is rarely to be found in Anglo-Saxon printed sources, and awaits the field collector.

I suppose the chief complaint I am making is that Mr. Botkin is trying to present a full body of regional folklore without benefit of field work. If many expert collectors had assembled group traditions, as they have folksongs and folkspeech, his anthologizing would have the value, and presumably the drama, of their first-hand inquiries. But there never has been any systematic canvassing of New England folk narratives. The collectors recruited under the Works Project Administration came the closest, and he makes use of their findings. But these too are fragmentary and weak (sometimes they are even unidentified). The texts by themselves are at best only part of the story; the folk and the setting and

"The Flurry," by Wade. —*From "Old New England."*

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the facts of economic geography need collecting too.

At any rate, Mr. Botkin has equipped his volume with exhaustive citations and a masterful index, to aid those who may be stimulated or irritated into following up his leads.

After graduation from Harvard Richard E. Dorson made a specialty of American folklore. He now teaches history at Michigan State College.

Our Own Tongue

OUR AMERICAN LANGUAGE. By Richard D. Mallery. New York: Halcyon House. 1947. 276 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

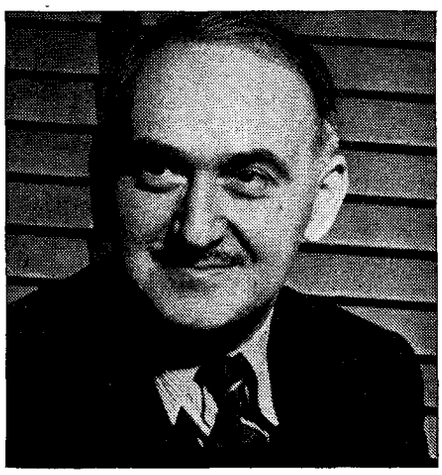
IN SO FAR as American English differs from British English in spelling, pronunciation, vocabulary, and grammar, it is a separate language, distinct from all other forms of English and justified in its assumption of the title of the American language. It is natural then that Mr. Mallery, a New York University English professor, should begin his book on the American language with a discussion of such differences. He reminds us that it was Noah Webster who as early as 1789 was advocating the spelling reforms which turned English *savour* into American *savor*, English *centre* into American *center*.

The American contribution to the vocabulary of English Mr. Mallery arranges under two heads; compounds and adaptations of English words; words from languages other than English. Under the first he lists such American linkings as *logrolling* and *catfish*; under the second, such American borrowings as *caboose* from the Dutch, *lagniappe* from the French, *pawpaw* from the Spanish, *pumpernickel* from the German, *possum* from the American Indian. This is a pretty sketchy treatment of the American contribution to the fund of English words brought to these shores by our seedfolks. Among other things, it leaves out of account the extended meanings Americans have given to such English words as *creek, gut,* and *corn.*

Every American of New England descent has among his grandparents an Ezekial or a Hezekiah; even today Mr. Mallery finds Hosea, Obadiah, and other Biblical given names in a recent "Who's Who in America." The Puritans on American soil appear to have gone farther than the stay-at-homes in this mortification of the self by the deliberate selection of a harsh-sounding name from the Old Testament. Another interesting thought engendered by Mr. Mallery's discussion of personal names in America is the common distortion of foreign surnames. I know of one Eau Claire, for instance, who as a result of Irish neighbors became O'Clare; and Vevay, Indiana, while retaining its French-Swiss spelling is locally pronounced Vevee. It was also interesting to learn from Mr. Mallery that the itinerant Methodist preacher Lorenzo Dow had, in a nice way, given his Italianate first name to many male babies born during his lifetime.

Lists of terms taken from such various human activities and interests as transportation, religion, sport, radio, and the like make up the last half of Mr. Mallery's book. It is a little difficult to see the value of these lists. They contain no information not to be found more fully in such dictionaries as the Merriam Webster and "The Dictionary of American English. In compiling them, Mr. Mallery has not restricted himself to words of native origin or even terms in which the sense of the word is of American making. He includes terms like *boycott* and *cartel*, which American shares with other forms of English. The lists are sketchy and incomplete. The list of transportation terms, for instance, omits such common railroad terms as *baggage-smasher, deadhead, jerkwater,* to mention only a trio of expressive railroad words. The classifications are loose. In his section on slang Mr. Mallery includes such dialectical forms as *critter, cuss, rile, sassy, snuck,* which, if there is anything in the distinction between colloquial expressions and slang, are certainly the former, not the latter.

As an introduction to the subject, as a first book for those who may go on to Krapp and Mencken and "The Dictionary of American English," Mr. Mallery's book may well serve a useful purpose. One wishes it were less of a jerry job of merely catalogue-size book-building.



—*Irving Haberman.*

In no big magazine fiction may "a worker [be] right and an employer wrong," says George Seldes.

Free Press Wanted

1000 AMERICANS: The Real Rulers of the U.S.A. By George Seldes. New York: Boni & Gaer, Inc. 1948. 312 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. ALLEN

GEORGE SELDES restates his favorite theme in his latest book, "1000 Americans": that most of the ills of the world would be solved, or at least abated, if the United States had "free and honest" newspapers and magazines. It's a good theme, but others have stated it more ably, accurately, and effectively.

Seldes brushes aside as naïve the various suggestions for a better press made by the Hutchins Commission on the Freedom of the Press. But Seldes's own suggestions for solving this problem are no less naïve. He proposes "more newspapers endowed by someone like Marshall Field, or establishment of a chain of standard daily newspapers by a powerful organization possessing the required number of millions of dollars."

Apparently, Seldes is unaware of Mr. Field's unhappy experience as a newspaper publisher in New York and Chicago. Also, of the fact that it not only costs millions of dollars to start just one metropolitan newspaper, but other millions to keep such a paper going. Seldes does suggest that organizations like the farm co-ops, the Farmers Union, the AFL, the CIO, or the Railroad Brotherhoods might have the money to finance such papers. Perhaps they have. But such projects would also be one very good way for them to go broke. His suggestion, coming from someone else, could very well lead to the conclusion that it was an idea planted by Seldes's favorite devil, the NAM, for the purpose of bankrupting these organizations.

Seldes hurls many searing accusations at the press of the land. Most of his charges are unqualified. An example is his statement that the press "suppressed, distorted, or buried" news about the debate in Congress on military aid to Greece and Turkey. "If we had had an honest press," Seldes asserts, "the people of America would have been informed . . . of the opposition view which feared the new policy would involve the country in war." Yet, in the very next sentence, Seldes concedes that a Gallup Poll of April 28, 1947, disclosed that seventy-five per cent of those polled held exactly this opposition view. Apparently the people of America did get information from some source. Of course, the real facts of the matter are that the debates on

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the issue in Congress were widely reported. And many commentators, both press and radio, expressed vigorous criticism of the ill-advised and dangerous so-called Truman Doctrine. To cite one instance: Walter Lippmann wrote a number of articles questioning the soundness and wisdom of this policy.

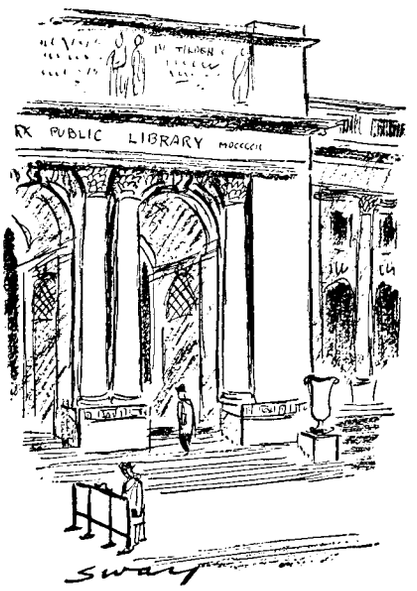
Nearly every page of Seldes's book laments that papers and magazines did not report this or that information which the American people needed to know for their own and the country's good. Yet, on page after page, Seldes proves the importance of these facts by quoting from articles printed in the newspapers at the time. For example: He quotes the *New York Herald Tribune*—not *PM*—that the fight against the confirmation of David E. Lilienthal, as head of the Atomic Energy Commission, was a "sordid scene." Seldes again quotes the *Herald Tribune* that the "first voice raised against Lilienthal after that of McKellar was the voice of Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire. Bridges's burning conviction that the views of the power lobby were the charter of American liberties has long been known to most people in Washington."

Isn't that informing the people? The *Herald Tribune* is a newspaper!

Some of Seldes's examples of suppression of news by the press seem far-fetched, to put it mildly. He makes a great point of the fact that "the scandal of 1913 when the NAM was shown by a Congressional investigation to have bribed members of the House of Representatives" was not as fully reported in the press as he considers it should have been. It would take many readers more interested in history than in comic strips, to keep this generation fully informed on the intricacies of the Mulhall investigation way back in 1913.

Seldes hits much closer to the truth when he says, 100 or so pages later, "actually, revelations in the few honest newspapers, and official investigations years after the fact, could not inform or arouse a large number of citizens." Without denying for one moment that the daily press commits numerous and egregious sins of commission and omission, every Washington newspaperman knows, from years of bitter experience, the difficulty of arousing the public with even the most sensational disclosures; the difficulty of getting the average reader to become "het up" over anything more profound than "Lil Abner."

Seldes devotes much space in his book to magazines, and his theme is the "powerful participation" of the House of Morgan in their ownership and control. According to Seldes, every big magazine in the United



States, with the exception of *The Reader's Digest* and *Look*, is owned or controlled or affiliated with the biggest business interests of the nation, including the House of Morgan and NAM.

Seldes asserts that "money is woven into the pages of *Life, Time, Fortune, The Saturday Evening Post, Newsweek*, and all the rest of the big magazines." To prove this, he cites examples ranging all the way from material utilized by Goebbels's Propaganda Ministry to an anti-labor quote by Clarence Buddington Kelland. Concludes Seldes, "To my knowledge, there are no instances of big magazines in the United States permitting a fiction writer to tell a story in which a worker is right and an employer is wrong."

Seldes even takes a poke at *The Saturday Review of Literature*, on which, he says, Thomas Lamont, of the House of Morgan, lost money:

> It was the opinion of the editor of *Editor and Publisher*, Arthur Robb, that the financing of *The Saturday Review of Literature* "has for nearly two decades given Morgan a strategic foothold in the book publishing." But publishers insist that, although it might have been a foothold, it was certainly not strategic.

Within 249 pages and another fifty pages of appendices, Seldes tries to document charges that the "big powers" of America buy elections, make wars, endanger the United States through cartel agreements, and control most channels of communication. This is a very big order, and the result is necessarily sketchy. Seldes's publishers proclaim that his book contains "explosive revelations." But the charges really are not new; at least they are not new to those who really read newspapers and other publications instead of merely skipping from the headlines to the sport and comic pages. However, for those who need a quick fill-in on NAM, the DuPonts, the Pews, Rockefellers, House of Morgan, *et al.*, Seldes's book will give it to them.

But for convincing proof that the American public, knowing by heart every word of the machinations of the "big powers," would behave any differently than it has, it will be necessary to seek elsewhere. Seldes does not furnish that evidence.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In connection with the reference to* The Saturday Review *quoted in Mr. Allen's review, the editors have written to Mr. Seldes, pointing out that the statement in question did not in fact represent Mr. Robb's "opinion," but was attributed by Mr. Robb to Ferdinand Lundberg's "America's Sixty Families." Far from accepting the statement, Mr. Robb said that Mr. Lundberg's information "rested on assertion."*

The Saturday Review *has received a reply from Mr. Seldes apologizing for the error. "It would be notably hypocritical of me," Mr. Seldes wrote, "to fail to correct errors. In fact, I welcome corrections, and I favor the establishment of some bureau or system by which corrections would obtain the same circulation as the original error. . . . The sixth line from the bottom of page 83 of my new book should have read: 'Robb also quoted Lundberg as saying that . . .' The quotation is from Lundberg and not from Robb's review, and I regret the error in editing the ms."*

The editors are grateful to Mr. Seldes for his explanation.

In Expectancy

By Kitty Owen Lehman

NE'ER stilled these ceaseless yearnings in my soul
Like restless waves that beat against the shore!
Like crimson flames that lick against my mind
Leaving me hopelessness, and nothing more.
Let me know that I am part of this, the
Sun has shone upon, the waves have kissed.
Then let me joy that there is that in me
Which yearns forever in expectancy.

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The World.

All three of our reviewers this week gained their specialized knowledge of foreign countries while serving as intelligence officers during the war. Philip Mosley, who reviews Vera Micheles Dean's book, is now a member of Columbia's Russian Institute, and Mrs. Dean herself is about to join a similar group at Harvard. Intelligence, which is nothing but the gathering of facts upon which to base policy, came of age during the war; and such books as Major Shulman's "Defeat in the West," based like Trevor-Roper's "The Last Days of Hitler" upon captured documents, reveal how intelligence-gathering can speed the writing of accurate history. And interrogation of prisoners often supplemented information from captured documents. Our reviewer of Major Shulman's book, for instance, has himself interrogated most of the top German generals of this war and the last.

Comfort for Worried Citizens

THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA. By Vera Micheles Dean. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 1947. 321 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PHILIP E. MOSELY

THIS book is a much needed summons to a thoughtful, unhysterical reexamination of the issues which divide Soviet and American policy today. It is also an earnest effort to provide a background of information for worried fellow-citizens who wish to understand this menacing aspect of world politics and to contribute their bit of thinking to the formulation of a constructive policy.

This latest study by Mrs. Dean is a notable attempt to bring historic perspective to an understanding of the basic factors which shape Soviet policy in Europe and Asia. The chapter on "What Kind of Democracy?" is a masterful statement of the danger of basing American policy on mere reaction to Soviet initiatives as well as an eloquent plea for supporting the "middle ground." Mrs. Dean has presented intelligently the problem of broadening the future area of liberty by assisting the industrially backward nations to develop more diversified economic livelihoods. By stating in reasonable terms the way in which American policies appear to Soviet observers the author has offered a valuable corrective to the ethnocentric habit of assuming that what is "good" in our eyes must appear the same to others.

Unfortunately, much of the effectiveness of Mrs. Dean's "grand design" for promoting better understanding has been dissipated through a careless or obviously unbalanced presentation of supporting information. Although present Soviet policies are incomprehensible without reference to the years 1939-41, the history of those crucial years has been greatly overslighted. Of other serious omissions or misinterpretations, which are all too frequent, naturally only one or two can be cited here.

—*Burck in* Chicago Times.

"Through the Looking Glass."

When Mrs. Dean states that

> the Potsdam declaration of July 1945 gave Russia the right to remove capital goods and equipment from its zone in Germany as reparations, and to acquire shares in German enterprises; to receive twenty-five per cent of industrial capital equipment from the British and American zones. . . . and to acquire "German external assets" in Austria and the Axis satellites,

this one-sentence summary leaves three major misunderstandings. The removal of industrial equipment from Germany was predicated upon an agreed level-of-industry plan and an agreed import-export plan for Germany as a whole. The amount of industrial equipment to be retained in the Soviet zone thus had a direct bearing on the amount of equipment which would be available for removal from either the Soviet or the western zones. In addition, the Potsdam agreement promised to the Soviet Union, not twenty-five per cent of the equipment in the western zones, but twenty-five per cent of the *removable* equipment, the definition of *removable* depending in turn upon the agreed level-of-industry plan established for Germany as a whole. Finally, the Soviet Union was to receive, not the "German external assets" in *Austria,* but those in *Eastern* Austria.

It is surprising to find that the only explanation offered for the Soviet attempt to detach Persian Azerbaijan from the rest of the country, whose integrity the Soviet government was jointly pledged to uphold, is that "Soviet Azerbaijan had begun to develop close relations with Iranian Azerbaijan." There is no hint that these "closer relations" were due in any part to Soviet actions in cutting this region off from economic and administrative contact with the capital or in promoting its control by a single-party regime and a political police.

Mrs. Dean feels that the Soviet Union has offered the example of a progressive nationalities policy towards its minorities, "including the Germans." The meaning of this example of "progress" is not clear if one recalls that the Volga German Republic was "eliminated" in 1941 and its former inhabitants dispersed east of the Urals. The disappearance of the Chechen Ingush Republic receives mention, while that of the Crimean Tartars and Kalmyks does not; the only reference to the Crimean Tartars implies their continued national existence.

It would be interesting to know since when the United States Treasury has been unwilling to buy Soviet gold with which the Soviet government might otherwise finance larger purchases in America. On closer examinations Mrs. Dean may discover that it is not the Soviet foreign trade monopoly which has given rise to controversy between the American and Soviet governments, but rather the recent Soviet adoption of Schachtian devices for "tied trade" and barter, which run directly counter to international efforts to promote a system of freer trade.

Mr. Byrnes's offer of a forty-year treaty guaranteeing the disarmament and demilitarization of Germany is shrugged aside in one sentence, instead of being recognized as a constructive effort to remove real or alleged Soviet fears of a revival of German military power, and an important step in the definition of continuing American

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responsibilities in Europe. The author of this study has failed to note that it is precisely this maturing willingness of the American people to undertake, for its own protection and well-being, heavy responsibilities beyond its own borders which raises Soviet official rage to its highest pitch. This misunderstanding of a basic factor in Soviet motivations illustrates Mrs. Dean's tendency to regard the Soviet leaders as basically benevolent if often misunderstood and frequently wronged, and has led her to discount the abundant evidence of their tough-minded Clausewitz-cum-Lenin approach to the "play-for-keeps" game of world politics.

A Toast to Tito

THE SILENT PEOPLE SPEAK. By Robert St. John. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 397 pp. $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT LEE WOLFF

ROBERT ST. JOHN, whose escape from Yugoslavia in 1942 was recorded in "From the Land of Silent People," has now returned there. Sensibly realizing that the capital of any country, particularly a Balkan country, is not a good place to find out what the people really think, he took advantage of the facilities which seem to have been extended to him by the Yugoslav government to make a thorough tour of the country. This book records his observations, more detailed than any yet placed on record for the American public, and his conclusions, all of which he had to reach through the aid of interpreters. Mr. St. John has emerged from Tito's Yugoslavia an enthusiastic supporter of the regime, convinced that it represents the will of the people, and even that it is democratic and will be changed whenever public opinion demands it. These views are presented through a series of dramatic interviews and personal experiences which frequently acquire additional pathos and effectiveness through exploitation of the almost unbelievable sufferings endured by the Yugoslavs during the war. Mr. St. John, so he says, scoured the country looking for opponents of Tito; without exception all those he found fell into three classes: wartime collaborationists, wealthy people whose property had been expropriated, or slackers who resented having to assist the regime in its labors for reconstruction. Even these malcontents are represented as expressing their opinions freely, and as being in no actual danger from the police, although much given to irresponsible gossip about a non-existent "terror." Of all the fighting groups in Yugoslavia during the war, the Partisans alone, St. John maintains, committed no atrocities. A former Partisan assured him this was true, and he accepts it. The unwary reader is left to wonder why so benevolent a regime has aroused the dislike of the United States. Mr. St. John proudly declares that he deliberately avoided an interview with Tito, because he did not care what Tito's own "hopes, fears, dreams, and aspirations were"; what he had come to find out was what the people of Yugoslavia thought. While it is impossible for anybody who did not accompany Mr. St. John to challenge the accuracy of his account, it is easy to see that his journalist's preoccupation with public opinion (hard enough to assess when you speak the language) and his carelessness about evidence have excluded from the book some of the fundamental considerations which have led to the present strained relations between the United States and Yugoslavia.

The present Yugoslav regime is completely controlled by the Communist Party, which reflects the views of a relatively small number of the electorate. The same small group of individuals headed by Tito runs all the organs of the government: the Cabinet, the Presidium of the People's Assembly, which appoints it, the Assembly itself, the Politburo of the Communist Party. The Federal Planning Commission, the Federal Control Commission, and the Supreme Court are all geared in to the same system, which is copied in most respects directly from that of the USSR, where Tito learned his trade. In domestic policy Yugoslavia is well on its way to becoming a Soviet state; in foreign policy it has already become so; and that very Ales Bebler, Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs, whom St. John portrays so sympathetically, has been one of the most vehement, bitter, and discourteous opponents of the United States in the meetings of the United Nations. The reader of "The Silent People Speak" will look in vain for such elementary details. But they are relevant nonetheless, and they answer some of the questions St. John raises.

Mr. St. John also shows the usual ignorance of the Balkan background, without which any understanding of present-day Yugoslavia is impossible. Thus he implies that, all during their occupation of Bosnia, until 1878 the Turks levied the celebrated "tribute of children" on the helpless population. Actually this stopped in 1676, and even while it was going on was probably regarded as an economic relief. He refers to the "democratic" government of medieval Dubrovnik (Ragusa), actually one of the tightest and most exclusive patrician oligar-

Vera Micheles Dean corrects the assumption that "what is 'good' in our eyes must appear [so] to others."

Robert St. John "has emerged from Tito's Yugoslavia an enthusiastic supporter of the regime."

Noise

By Witter Bynner

A GREAT deal of noise can stride
Outside of life
And be rude
While the inside of life
Takes its own quiet wife,
Breeds its own quiet brood,
Has its own quiet smile
And looks on the outside
Once in a while.

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chies on record. But then recognizing democracy is not Mr. St. John's specialty. He thinks Rumanian, Bulgarian, and Serbo-Croat are all "roughly similar languages," which would surprise the Rumanians, those self-styled defenders of Latin culture against the Slavs. When all these criticisms have been made, however, one can still recommend "The Silent People Speak" to readers who will not be taken in by its superficiality and pro-Communist bias. They will gain an unforgettable picture of the courage and humor of the Yugoslavs reconstructing their country, and their incredible savagery to each other during the war.

Inside World War II

DEFEAT IN THE WEST. By Milton Shulman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 336 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD C. DEUTSCH

THIS absorbing book covers a wider span of the military history of World War II than any previous treatment that could claim to offer an inside story. Like most works of the kind it falls somewhat short of its publisher's blurb, in this case that it is based on "thousands of top secret German documents." Major Shulman has made no detailed analysis of the Wehrmacht's archives, but the sources he has utilized are still impressive. They consist essentially of Anglo-American intelligence summaries, which often incorporated captured German documents, of the published records of the Nuremberg Trial, and of his own and other interrogations of German officers. This material is adequate, well-digested, and most engagingly presented in so far as it covers the proclaimed subject of the book, the defeat of Germany in the west. If he had confined his story to this front and period he would certainly have not laid himself open to the criticism of having produced a work of uneven quality. His decision to devote about one-fourth of the book to the earlier war years was perhaps a natural one, both to provide background for the main part of his story and to build up his thesis. But here he lacked the benefit of personal experience and had to work with sketchy materials.

Three weaknesses are cited by Major Shulman to explain Germany's defeat: the glaring incapacity of Hitler as a military leader, the ingrained Prussian discipline, and the ignorance which resulted from both the ludicrous performance of the German intelligence services and the restrictions placed by Hitler on the transmission

of information within the Wehrmacht. From early 1940 no German commander was permitted to know about operational plans that did not directly concern him, so that even front commanders had to secure their general orientation from Goebbels.

One does not have to read far to ascertain that Major Shulman is obsessed with a fear that the fantastic failings of Hitler as a commander may permit the generals to convince their countrymen that under an abler leader they might do better "next time." But even so laudable a concern cannot justify a distortion of the record such as is represented by this:

> Even when the course adopted was patently stupid, even when the risk to be taken involved thousands of German lives, few leaders of the Third Reich, either military or political, were honest or brave enough to voice their disapproval or dissent. They carried out their orders, however stupid or brutal or costly or inhuman, and justified their conduct with the excuse that Germans only obeyed—they did not think.

To dismiss so sweeping an indictment one need only glance at so representative a list as the commanders and chiefs of staff of the army between 1933 and 1945; von Hammerstein, von Fritsch, von Brauchitsch, Beck, Halder, Zeitzler, and Guderian. Of this group von Hammerstein and Beck were leaders in plots against the regime long before the war. Beck resigned in protest against Hitler's Sudeten policy, von Fritsch was so inconvenient to the Nazis that he had to be eliminated by one of the filthiest intrigues of which history has record, von Brauchitsch and Halder were dismissed in disgrace because of their repeated opposition to Hitler's direction of the war in Russia, Zeitzler tried to resign five times before he was dismissed on suspicion of involvement in the Putsch of July 20, 1944, and Guderian was the most notoriously disobedient general in the army.

The real indictment that must be made against so many of the generals is not that they failed to protest against stupid or criminal plans, but that, in spite of their appreciation of the Nazi menace to humanity and the welfare of their country, they lacked the "civil courage" to unite vigorously in Hitler's removal. The conspirators of July 20 felt this so keenly that they intended to bring to trial not only Keitel and Jodl but also such figures as von Brauchitsch and Halder.

Your Literary I.Q.

"LET'S PRETEND"

By Howard Collins

This week's quiz concerns characters who had memorable imaginations. How many of them do you recall? Allowing five points for naming each story and another five for the author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 17.

1. In this poem an old, old, old lady and a little boy with a twisted knee pretend to play hide-and-go-seek.
2. A highly imaginative little girl pretends that her kitten is the Red Queen in a chess game.
3. An elderly knight-errant pretends that some windmills in the offing are giants in disguise and charges upon one of them.
4. A girl (really a cashier in a restaurant) pretends to be a wealthy society deb while a young man (really a wealthy young man-about-town) pretends to be a cashier in a restaurant.
5. After international complications arose because he had had his back tattooed, a man nurses the illusion that he is one of the lost arms of the Venus de Milo.
6. Although there was no electricity in her house, the heroine proudly pushed around her new vacuum cleaner, making loud humming noises in the process.
7. A romantic servant girl and her hired-man husband, pretending to be an earl and an earl-ess, spend their honeymoon in an insane asylum.
8. To the sound of "pocketa-pocketa-pocketa" a timid soul becomes in his imagination an aviator, a surgeon, and a soldier.
9. One passenger on a Mississippi River raft pretended to be a duke, another claimed to be the lost Dauphin.
10. Although one brother and one sister were dead, a little cottage girl insisted that they were still part of the family.

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The chapter dealing with the anti-Nazi opposition is probably the weakest in the book. Major Shulman apparently is not familiar with such recent publications as those of Dulles, Gisevius, von Schlabrendorff, and the von Hassell diaries, and shoots badly beside the mark in interpreting the motivation of the principal participants. Goerdeler, an idealist who as early as 1936 told the present reviewer that Germany's most pressing problem was the restoration of "ordinary human decency," is pictured here as dominated by economic considerations.

Lack of familiarity with such works as those cited also made it easier for Major Shulman to conclude (wishfully) that the failings of the Abwehr (Wehrmacht Intelligence Department) were to be ascribed solely to the inability of the rigid and methodical Teutonic mind to evaluate the available data, and he insists that the anti-Nazi feelings of the senior Abwehr officers had nothing to do with ". . . the many stupid blunders of the German military intelligence. . . ." We do, however, have chapter and verse on innumerable instances of this very type, involving not only deliberate garbling and misinterpretation of intelligence data but transmission to the Allies of the most vital information, for example the date and hour of the western offensive of 1940.

Having said so much of a critical nature, I must repeat that this book is indispensable for students of World War II. It not only introduces a good deal of material not yet published elsewhere but tells a clear and straightforward story in masterly style.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 239

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 239 will be found in the next issue.

MZ BMY KGPQFZF

ZCZGOVYWO KGPQFZF

XYVYWO.—F. RYMXFYX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 238

Honest bread is very well—it's the butter that makes the temptation.
DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Fiction.

The most promising American novel to be reviewed this week is Kenneth S. Davis's "The Years of the Pilgrimage." Its story of a prosperous farmer's son who turns fascist reflects a world struggle in microcosm. In "The Bennett Place," Michael De Capite records the suicidal frustration of a middle-aged woman whose loves and hates are more Freudian than universal. Or is that controversial? We also have one oddity: Gwynn Thomas's philosophical comedy of love strangled in the poverty of a bleak Welsh valley, where men, says the author, marry just to keep warm. The novel's terse and lilting language may also baffle American readers. . . . As asides, it is interesting to watch one of the best of last year's novels, "The Garretson Chronicle," climb the ladder of best sellers. But, if the critics' comments on Ross Lockridge's lusty historical novel are any criterion, it won't be long before "Raintree County" succeeds in topping them all with the book-buying public.

Clash of Symbols in Kansas

THE YEARS OF THE PILGRIMAGE. By Kenneth S. Davis. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 372 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

IN THE town of Beecher, Kansas, in the dead-center of America, Mr. Davis slowly unfolds this probing story of the socio-psychic troubles of the mid-twentieth century. Beecher is a country town, with its burning summer pavements spread out beneath the statue of General Jonathan Harcourt on the courthouse tower. The ceaseless Kansas wind blows over it, farmers come in with their loads of grain and livestock, and the seasons change. But the town remembers, like a dark legend, the story of Harcourt Stevens and the lives enmeshed with his. For a few years that quiet town was the scene of crucial encounters—clashes of will, warfare of ideas, and acts of violence.

Primarily the novel is the story of Harcourt Stevens, bitter, brilliant son of an aloof Kansas farmer. To the big farm Harcourt Stevens returns from the East with his motherless daughter, and with a reputation as an iconoclastic young man of letters. In the rolling Kansas lands he goes on with his studies, developing his fanatical theories of fascism. But it is also the story of Ferris Morehead, the ascetic and idealistic young minister, and of the lumbering Hunky Mirak who brings his ripe and ready wife to the Stevens farm. Mr. Davis tells the tale deliberately, following the strands of these lives from their widely separated origins until they become so tightly knotted only violence can free them.

It is a teeming novel, teeming with ideas and with experience. There are memorable passages—Hunky's childhood in Milwaukee and at the Catholic orphanage, the child Kathryn's troubled and eager reaching out for understanding and participation. There is clear, revealing analysis of the minds of Stevens and Morehead. There is a sweeping sense of the Kansas country and of its vibrant past. Yet "The Years of the Pilgrimage" is not fully satisfactory as a novel. Its central characters are embodiments of human attributes and attitudes, and they seem too deliberately counterpoised to give the illusion of life. In retrospect it seems less a novel than a fable, written with learning, urgency, and conviction, in sound and solid structure. The fable quality appears in Mr. Davis's conception of his characters—as "pilgrims" moving to their appointed struggle which will signify the clash of forces in the modern world. That conception burdens his characters, who seem dragging enormous shadows after them. Their clash is a

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clash of shadows, so that the primitive man murders the diseased intellect, and the humanitarian, inheriting the cynic's fortune, launches a liberal movement to arouse the conscience of the world.

"The Years of the Pilgrimage" leaves a feeling that Mr. Davis would rather have his ideas remembered than his people.

Crime and Comedy

VAIN CITADELS. By Bryan S. Morgan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 311 *pp.* $2.75.

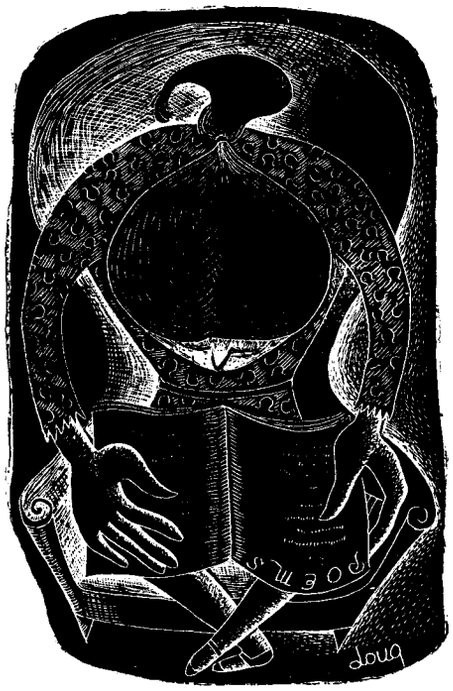
VENUS AND THE VOTERS. By Gwyn Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 254 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ERIC L. MCKITRICK

LITTLE, BROWN and Company are bringing out two books this month which support the fact that even the run-of-the mine British novelist can most generally be counted on to write pretty well. Both Bryan S. Morgan and Gwyn Thomas do, though neither has much of anything to say,

In "Vain Citadels" Paul Leger, in a moment of passion, kills the man who threatens blackmail over his liaison with a schoolmistress, Helen. Detective Sergeant Roger Payne is put on his trail with instructions to wait until sufficient incriminating evidence turns up before arresting him. Four months go by, with Sergeant Payne following Leger all over England before the inspector back at headquarters discovers that he has had the evidence all the time. Meanwhile Paul has served as a moral rod for the measurement of four diverse characters to whom he confides his secret: a clergyman, Helen, his sweetheart, an Oxford don, and a recluse chemist. All are found wanting in one way or another and in the course of Paul's macabre progress his religious conversion is effected.

This English Rodion Raskolnikov is quite unconvincing, his search for



certitude uncertain at best. The story has been conscientiously planned, scrupulously laid out—but apparently not as a pressing representation of truth, for its content is rather like that of a half-inflated balloon. The chase is somewhat of a game; Mr. Morgan plainly does not intend to let his fugitive get caught until he is good and ready and has all his business transacted.

James Hilton's favorable critical reception of Gwyn Thomas's "The Dark Philosophers" clears the way for "Venus and the Voters" and is a good example of *anglais oblige*. I agree, running up the white flag, that the "high comedy and fantastic humor . . . set Mr. Thomas in a field of his own."

The main problem in the miserable Welsh valley of the Terraces is that of poverty and want. The four philosophical protagonists of "Venus and the Voters"—"my friends Ben and Arthur and Walter, and I"—have addressed themselves to it for years, mostly by talking about it in the evening on the back wall. Even love, which ought to feed on itself, hasn't a chance in the Terraces. A case in point is that of one Morris, who has been collecting unemployment insurance since the first war. Love, for Morris, has never meant more than a means of keeping warm and has only produced for him a string of half-clothed, ill-fed offspring. All the hopelessness of the valley seems to symbolize itself in the person of Morris's eldest daughter Eurona, starved for food, clothing, and love. The efforts of "Ben, Arthur, Walter, and I" to provide her with a little of each, to save her from nasty Rollo Watts, the successful bus-driver, and to thwart the "Creative Will" of the grocery entrepreneur Shadrach Sims, form the narrative thread of the story.

The ideas of the novel are not, as we generally say in a case like this, so important as the way they are set forth. This is obvious from Mr. Thomas's enchantment with his metaphors, going as he does on the assumption that if you labor a point long enough it will succeed in being humorous. If he had confined this material to a short story, there might have been a chance to avoid such tediousness, but how he does run on.

Gaudy Heritage

THREE FIELDS TO CROSS. By Frances Tysen Nutt. New York: Stephen-Paul Publishers. 1947. 368 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RAY PIERRE

HERE is another in the endless stream of historical novels pouring off the presses. One wonders if these "sentimental adulterations of the past," as Janko Lavrin calls them in his "Introduction to the Russian Novel," testify to a desire for escape from a troubled present into an equally troubled past, or to a patriotic effort to paint our heritage in its gaudiest colors.

The period Mrs. Nutt has staked out for herself is the American Revolution, and she describes its impact on the Blakes, a well-heeled, peace-loving family of homesteaders on Staten Island. The author knows her terrain well and presents it with fidelity. As the dust jacket announces, she was born in a Victorian house on the Island and gleaned a good deal of her material from family documents.

Her novel is at its best when depicting the conflict between Tories and rebels among the Islanders; the arrival of the great British fleet off Sandy Hook, commanded by the inflexible Lord Howe, who read the Declaration of Independence to his officers at the Rose and Crown Inn in Oude Dorp, Staten Island; the battles of Long Island, Richmond, and Monmouth; the withdrawal of Washington's motley troops across the East River. Historic figures move through the book with lifelike credibility—the rugged old sea dog, Admiral Howe, his older brother, Richard, in command of Britain's land forces, the cruel Hessian General Knyphausen, the debonair Major John Andre, later executed for treason.

The Blakes are divided in their loyalties. Sky Blake, cynical and

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 720)

WALTER WHITE:
*WHY I REMAIN A NEGRO**

I am a Negro. My skin is white, my eyes are blue, my hair is blond. There is nothing within my mind and heart which tempts me to think I am white. Yet I realize . . . there is magic in a white skin; there is tragedy, loneliness, exile in a black skin.

*From *The Saturday Review of Literature*, Oct. 11, 1947.

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pleasure-seeking, who is hopelessly in love with his brother's wife, Faithful, joins the rebel cause. Contemplative John Blake, who loves nature and Aristotle, is herded into a prison ship, though Tory in his sympathies. His coquettish daughter, Neltjie, practises her wiles on the British officers quartered at the homestead, particularly on the dashing young Lian Thorroby, who nevertheless marries the fearless young heroine, Giletta, to save her from a spy's fate when she is caught attempting to smuggle information to Washington's forces. Lian eventually falls in love with tomboyish Giletta, as well as with the patriotic rebels and their wild, unconquerable land.

The novel is crowded with incident —violent deaths, miraculous escapes, cockfighting, horse racing, trickery, heroism, all the misery and confusion of war. There is the inevitable good, bad woman, appropriately named Plenty Pettibody, who harbors the runaway heroine. There are the indomitable Dutch grandmother Wayant, the purse-proud Aunt Petty, her weak, sanctimonious husband, Domine Sebastian, and the patient Faithful Blake, worn out with the births and deaths of many boy children. Not to mention the omnipresent Indian, Kooseka, who helps Giletta escape to the Jersey shore, heals Lian when he is wounded and dying of fever, and conveniently kills the villainous gambler, Rilan Verney, who has taken over the Blake homestead. There is even treasure buried on Blake land by a philosophical ex-pirate named Ebenezer Coote.

It is an ambitious canvas, crowded with characters and action. There are pace and vigor in the execution. But one could wish for less blood and thunder, more quiet concentration on character development and subtle nuances of plot. As it is, "Three Fields to Cross" often degenerates into a dime novel, and is just as readable.

Ray Pierre is a free-lance writer. He was formerly staff book reviewer for Time *magaine.*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "One, Two, Three," by H. C. Bunner. 2. "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll. 3. "Don Quixote," by Cervantes. 4. "While the Auto Waits," by O. Henry. 5. "The Background," by Saki. 6. "Tortilla Flat," by John Steinbeck. 7. "Rudder Grange," by Frank Stockton. 8. "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," by James Thurber. 9. "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain. 10. "We Are Seven," by Wordsworth.

Choked by Civilization

THE BENNETT PLACE. By Michael De Capite. New York: The John Day Co. 1948. 210 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

IT IS the manner that matters. It is the craft itself over and above the content that proves immediately arresting. A mood can be created, a rhythm maintained, and surrender results. The beginning, the middle, and the end can be imbedded so deeply that only the x-ray is able to discern that familiar chalk line rising and falling. If well employed, all this can make for memorable reading. Mr. De Capite, though able, has just fallen short of the mark.

"The Bennett Place" does not quite come off. There is an unevenness in the images and a tendency towards discursiveness which destroy clarity. This is a pity as there is so very much that is splendid in it. The feeling of a small town, the hunger of university life, the terrible impulse to conceal despair are unforgettably done. So is the house on the hill and the last of the Bennetts living in it. But these choice bits only make us long for more.

Mr. De Capite plays out his drama in Sparta, Ohio. Founded by a pioneering Bennett, enriched by the family, Sparta turns academic when one Bennett chooses to start a university. Business and learning flourish in the valley while over it all looms the columned, damasked, oppressively genteel mansion where Katharine Bennett, now over forty, ekes out her days. If this is Mannon in aspect, it is not so in action. Katharine, speaking of her hated grandmother, says:

> She found this valley in a wilderness and planted civilization. Single-handed she built every home and every street in this town. If it weren't for her energy, foresight, courage, why they just wouldn't be here.

It is this emphasis on the civilized heritage that makes Katharine hopelessly inactive.

Ultimately overcome with frustration, this woman shoots herself. Hers is the first chapter and it is well told. The unraveling process is then taken up through the eyes of those who touched her: a college professor, erstwhile lover of Katharine; a childhood friend who has lately grown apart; a young part-time handyman; a disappointed, compromising writer an old, no-good retainer; and finally the family physician.

Michael De Capite "gives us just enough realism to make us resent what appears by contrast to be obscurity."

What emerges is not pretty. An unhealthy attachment to her wandering father has drained Katharine of other emotion. On his death she turns to the professor temporarily. She degrades her passions with her inferiors, but she remains always aloof, always alone, and always useless. There is no yielding either in the body or the spirit of this sad and frustrated creature. The bark of her grandmother, taunting her undesirability, induces detestation. But Katharine could never leave her nor the house nor the town. She is engulfed by the cloak of civilization.

All this appeals almost entirely to the emotions. The fact that reason intrudes makes for faultiness. It must be all or nothing. Either we go all out for clinging and thoroughly provocative mistiness, or we play it straight and get the answers. Mr. De Capite gives us just enough realism to make us resent what appears by contrast to be obscurity.

The trouble seems to me to be due to character values. Miss Bennett, the professor, and the thwarted writer can stand pat as part of the illusion, but the others demand clarity of purpose. They tend to dispel the atmosphere by definite motives. The glow of "The Bennett Place" lies in what is felt, and there is sweetness in what is left unsaid.

The world being so much with us, we yearn for sentient indirection. Mr. De Capite's approach is distinguished and his novel challenging. Perhaps next time all his melodies will be unheard.

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The White House Doghouse

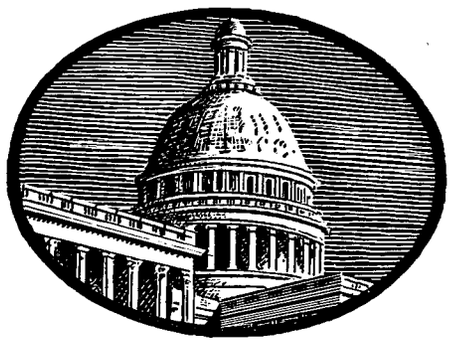
ELIOT JANEWAY

THE POLITICIANS are writing books about statesmanship. But the more they illuminate their responsibilities as statesmen, the more they obscure their operations as politicians. To note this frankly is not to belittle our statesmen. On the contrary, it is to dignify their political origins and the political scaffolding on which statesmanship rests.

The growing list of reminiscences of the Roosevelt Era and its aftermath divides into three classes. To wit: there are the military books (Butcher's Eisenhower, Ingersoll's Bradley, Bryan's Halsey, and Allen's Patton); then there are the memoirs of the Roosevelt years (Ickes, Nelson, Perkins, and Tugwell—not to mention McIntyre the Doctor and Reilly the Dick—have published books, while the Farley and Morgenthau recollections are being serialized in the magazines before book publication); and finally, there are the ambitious essays on statesmanship itself (James Byrnes's dissertation on foreign policy, which stands at the head of the best-seller list, and Ed Flynn's "You're the Boss," which made him an *Atlantic* contributor).

But in this case, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Something has been left out. What is missing is the great question of the entire Roosevelt Era — The Succession. In Roosevelt's mind, in the minds of all those who dealt with him, all calculations for the winning of the war and all plans for the peace were formed in the shadow of this uncertainty. Who would inherit the power and the problems of Roosevelt? It was the politics of 1944 which resolved the enigma of the war years only by creating the crisis of the present. But the politics of 1944 is the one subject with which none of these books deals frankly and fully. The war books ignore it; and the memoirists either stop too soon, begin too late, or appear to take liberties with the record.

"The man who directs American war production is bound to have the strongest claim on the Democratic Convention in 1944," Roosevelt told various availables in the hysterical month following Pearl Harbor. But he gave the job to Donald Nelson, and thus set in motion the forces that were to turn the Democratic Convention away from his appointees and to the man who made his reputation investigating them. Now Nelson was one of the hopeful dark horses trying to break into the 1944 race. Moreover, he was privy both to Wallace's campaign for renomination and to Truman's carefully calculated campaign to replace Wallace. Nelson was ousted, finally, by the group working through James Byrnes who, as Assistant President in charge of the Home Front, was the leading candidate for Wallace's place. Yet his book ignores the politics of 1944. Interestingly enough, Nelson's collaborator—



Bruce Catton—returned to the firing-line in 1947 long enough to help Charles Luckman count chickens.

Frances Perkins was never privy to Roosevelt's politics and, therefore, it is in all good faith that her warm and sincere "The Roosevelt I Knew" passes over the 1944 Convention. But she recalls her horror on seeing pictures of Roosevelt making his speech of acceptance to the Convention. Ed Flynn knew Roosevelt much better than Fanny Perkins did, and what he knew changed the course of history. For he realized more clearly than anyone that the chief business of the 1944 Convention was to nominate a successor not merely to Henry Wallace but to Franklin Roosevelt. In June 1944, Flynn says, "I felt that he would never survive [another term]." He describes the President's "physical and mental" decline in detail. "I again noted his lack of interest in the problems facing him," Flynn says. "He did not seem to have the same enthusiasm and the same firmness. He seemed to procrastinate and to lack the power to make decisions. . . . He was more inclined not to argue than to argue."

But Flynn argued. Hence Harry Truman.

One of the men Flynn argued out of the White House was Jimmy Byrnes. As he admits, "Byrnes was the strongest candidate." And the main reason for Byrnes's strength was the fact that he was able to conduct his campaign from the White House. Now "Speaking Frankly" really begins with the chapter on Yalta after —in the opening chapter — skirting diplomatically around the political intrigues, promises, and disappointments which culminated in Roosevelt's involving Byrnes in foreign affairs. It was during Christmas week of 1944, when politics had resolved the issue of the war years and set the pattern for the peace, that Roosevelt said, "Jimmy, I want you to go with me on this trip to the Crimea." This was a characteristic Roosevelt move: having thrust Byrnes out of the succession, he was paying him off by promoting him from politics to the level of statesmanship.

Ignoring this reality, Byrnes ignores as well the most important story of all, which explains how he ended up as Secretary of State, enjoying unprecedented autonomy as a kind of co-President for foreign affairs, working directly with the Senate and committing Truman to follow where he and Vandenberg led. Roosevelt had pressed Wallace to withdraw from the 1944 race. Wallace had refused. Roosevelt had finally written the famous letter assuring Wallace's friends that "Personally, I would vote for his renomination if I were a delegate." But the whole point was that Roosevelt was not a delegate. What the delegates wanted to know was for whom he wanted them to vote. This he refused to say. But a couple of days before the letter was released, Byrnes started calling his friends around the country—mainly Senators —to read them Roosevelt's letter about Wallace and to assure them that Roosevelt had dropped Wallace and wanted him instead. Byrnes went to the Convention believing this and making regular progress reports on his candidacy to Roosevelt; and Harry Truman, pretending not to be an active candidate, offered to make one of the speeches nominating him.

BUT TRUMAN knew that the two men who had taken over from Farley in New York—Ed Flynn and Sidney Hillman—were both working to nominate him (Hillman used his nominal relationship with Wallace to pit Wallace against Byrnes in order to settle for Truman). In fact, the arguments Flynn and Hillman were using against Byrnes were the very ones by which Farley had eliminated him in

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1940. But not telling the story of 1940, Byrnes cannot very well tell the story of 1944; and not telling the story of 1944, he cannot explain that it was to make peace for this Convention double-cross that Truman gave him foreign affairs as his province. Byrnes does not pretend to regard Truman as a statesman or as a leader. But readers, anxious to understand the background of the great Wallace crisis, and sensing how troubled the Byrnes-Truman relationship was, are given no opportunity to see the foreign policy debate in the true perspective of its political origins. Byrnes never forgave Truman for the humiliation he suffered at the 1944 Convention. He never ceased to think of himself as better qualified to be President. And he never forgot that Truman knew that Roosevelt, having used him to pace the 1944 race, had written another letter eliminating him from consideration. By the time Byrnes learned of this letter, and withdrew, he was heart-sick and embittered.

FLYNN neither quotes this letter, nor mentions Douglas's name, nor says that Roosevelt and Mayor Kelly urged him to agree on Douglas. Nor does he admit that, in the classic manner of kings and king-makers, he and Truman were at war two years after he had succeeded in putting Truman into the White House.

In any case, not only he, but Hannegan, too, now agree with Mayor Kelly that machine politicians get into trouble when they put a machine politician into the White House. Douglas, at any rate, will be mentioned in Flynn's next book. For Flynn and Hannegan now agree with Roosevelt that he is the best available man to run for Vice-President. But this is a story for many another book.

Flynn does not ignore the story of the Convention. He merely tells half of it. Hannegan, he says, despaired of putting Truman across. "It's all over. It's Byrnes," he recalls Hannegan telling him. But Flynn persisted in arguing with Roosevelt. "We called the President who was in his private car en route to the Pacific Coast [he writes], and I insisted that he again tell these men that he wanted Truman for a running-mate. In turn he talked to [Frank] Walker, Hannegan, and Kelly. Mayor Kelly insisted that the President send a note we could use. [Roosevelt] agreed, and addressed it to Bob Hannegan, who showed it to various state leaders. Subsequently it was released for publication."

But this is a half-truth. Roosevelt's second letter, addressed to Hannegan, did not agree with Flynn that "he wished Truman for a running-mate." Roosevelt was too tired to argue with anyone, even Flynn, but he was still trying to outsmart everyone. For the letter he sent mentioned not one name, but two. The other name, listed ahead of Truman's, was that of Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Yet when Hannegan's publicity man released the letter for publication, the position of the names was switched.

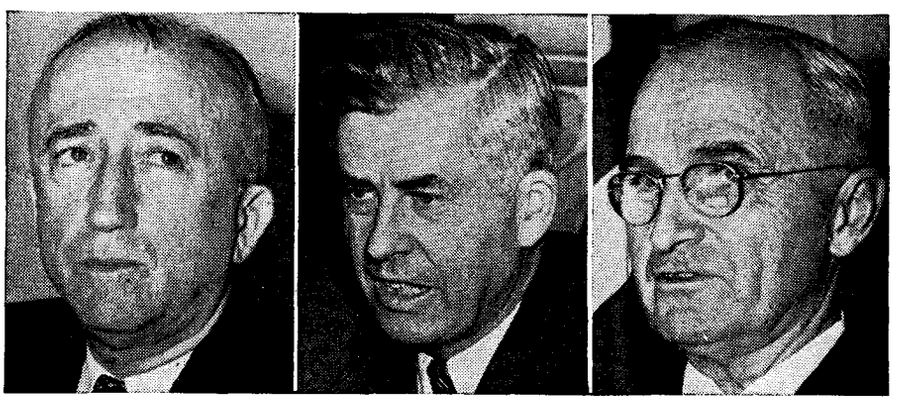
BUT THE mystery which neither "Speaking Frankly" nor any other book on the Roosevelt years clarifies is how Byrnes became the leading candidate for the succession. Cordell Hull had all along regarded Roosevelt as committed to let him run for President in 1940; and what is so difficult to remember or to appreciate today is the fact that, on the eve of the 1940 campaign, the Gallup Poll showed him leading Roosevelt. When Roosevelt decided to run for a third term, he offered Hull Garner's place on the ticket. As Farley revealed in *Collier's*, Hull angrily refused Roosevelt, then turned to Byrnes. But Farley and Byrnes's Southern opponents eliminated him by playing adroitly on the fears left over from the great Al Smith campaign of 1928. The Southerners told Roosevelt that the South would never go along with a candidate born a Catholic; while those op-

(*Continued on page* 33)

—*Photos by Press Association.*

"It was during Christmas of 1944, when politics had resolved the issue of the war years and set the pattern for the peace, that Roosevelt said, 'Jimmy, I want you to go with me on this trip to the Crimea." This was a characteristic Roosevelt move: having thrust Byrnes out of the succession, he was paying him off by promoting him from politics to the level of statesmanship."

Flynn was argumentative . . . Hannegan, despairing . . Hull, angry . . .



Byrnes, unforgiving . . . Wallace, intransigent . . . "Hence Harry Truman."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Bookmarks

MOST novels, particularly most short novels, are too long. Between the ten-thousand-word short story (which is a long short story) and the seventy-five-thousand-word novel (which is a short novel) stretches a barren desert without a single water-hole. Plenty of stories, if left to themselves, would come to a halt, if they dared, somewhere in that dusty stretch. But neither the magazine nor the book publisher is interested. That is why a lot of authors with thirty-thousand-word ideas blow them up into ninety-thousand-word novels.

* * *

The duplicated title we have always with us, and we shall have it probably even more frequently in future as the quantity of book titles grows and grows. There is little excuse for it. Two minutes with the card index of a metropolitan public library ought to disclose whether a projected title has been used before. Many authors, to be sure, do not live close to metropolitan public libraries, but most publishers do.

* * *

One of the more superficial of the war's hardships was the abundance of typographical errors in books—a condition that is gradually being overcome. But many contemporary books continue to evidence slipshod editing—a defect that cannot be blamed on the printer. Too many manuscripts leave too many publishing offices not so much with the ink not quite dry as with not enough ink. If editors won't bother to read books, who else is going to?

* * *

When one of his characters is overwrought, preoccupied, tense, scared, distraught, distrait, in a dither, or just plain sleepy, a novelist occasionally adopts the device of having him pick up a book, open it, stare at it for a moment, and then toss it aside. The phrasing of the incident, as between any two examples, is never identical (not quite), but invariably the book is "picked up" and then "tossed aside." Any variant lacking these trademarks is spurious, and undeserving of further study.

Now it is perfectly in order for a character to treat a book in this cavalier fashion if his nerves are on edge, or if his house is afire, or if he just doesn't feel like reading. There are times when nobody wants to read, and there are times when one may think one wants to read and then discovers that one does not.

Much depends on the book—and right there is where the tossing-aside novelist lets the reader down. The book is never identified. Just as newspapers never like to say anything bad (or even anything good) about other newspapers, so do novelists decline to be specific about books which are unable to hold the interest of their characters. Isn't it barely possible that, sometimes at least, it is the picked-up book, and not the character, that is to blame?

* * *

There are still novelists who think that when they make a character say *shure*, *uv*, *Wensday*, and *wimmen*, they are writing authentic dialect.

* * *

Ninety-nine point something per cent of books owe something—sometimes a great deal—to other books. This is obviously true, in a particular degree, of historical novels. An author is not always a competent researcher, but librarians are glad to help him out, and able to help him out, and the author is generally glad to give librarians credit for generous and intelligent assistance. The bestowal of this credit also gives the author a chance to show how he gets around.

Antiquarian booksellers are also essential purveyors of source material, and occasionally turn up books and pamphlets that only the most highly specialized libraries are likely to have. But rare indeed is the book preface which gives the bookseller credit for help rendered. It is a pleasure to cite two preface-writers who have been at pains to give that credit—Walter D. Edmonds and Barrows Mussey.

* * *

It is far too late to do anything about the all but universal use of "protest" where "protest against" is meant. Diametric opposites have become one, and are likely to stay that way. It began, obviously, with the headline, but long ago it crept down into the news story, and now it has slid into common speech. Chances are that today, if you told Representative J. Parnell Thomas that you "protested" communism, he would regard you as a pretty sound fellow.

And it is equally too late to take any effective steps against the use of "literally" as a simple intensive. "Literally" used to mean, literally, "literally." But no more. Drew Pearson, describing on the radio, from Paris, the arrival at Le Havre of a ship filled with gifts of food from America, the cargoes of his own "Friendship Trains," declared that French officials and workers "turned themselves literally inside out" to get the stuff out of the hold. It must have been fascinating, if a little grisly, to watch, but it sounds like a hell of a way to unload a ship.

J. T. W.

Quarry

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

STALK the quarry of experience.
Grasp with deft hands the panting fugitive sense
And bind it with a web of words. Devise
The clever pliant phrases that ensnare
Thought in a compact prison. Then with care
Study the fragile contours of this prize,
Emotion taken fleet and unaware.
Compute from line and hue its origin.
What were its antecedents? Which its kin?
Observe the jewel-feathered pinions flutter,
Caught in as neat a trap as tongue can utter.
Watch yet . . . a blankness films the startled eyes,
Congealing sentience to a sightless stare.
Prisoned in syllables, your captive dies.
Beauty, so lately vital, swift, and warm,
Stiffens in death, a fading graceless form.
Touch even that, and see . . . it slips like sand,
It breaks like ashes in your heavy hand!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Opiate Eaters Anonymous

SIR: I read "Tripe, Inc.," in tears—not shed for its self-pitying anonymous author, but for those who may espouse his defeatist attitude about writing, writers, and the slough in which they're ready to leave literature bogged down.

When a writer wails that he can't write, he tells the truth. Writing is hard, yes. It was hard when he was a scribbling schoolboy and his teachers and classmates called him silly; when his first awkward attempt came back with a rejection slip that elaborately did not imply lack of merit. Writing's going to be hard again, and we'll have to hack like crazy, hoping to save an hour or so a day for what we hope is worth writing.

The anonymous opiate eater must drool out occasional pieces that the public bids high for—excuse me while my heart doesn't bleed for him. Shakespeare had to write pot-boiling comedies, which he titled "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," and so on. Poe hacked away. So did Mark Twain, Jack London, and Sinclair Lewis. So do many a good man and woman today, without losing self-esteem or self-critical judgment.

But is all this to the point? I must get back to my own money writing, sell enough hack fiction to pay low-minded butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers who can't quite understand why a writer should be given meat, bread, and candlesticks free. Now and then I have free time to work on that novel and that biography. If writing for money has brutalized me to where I can't do these dear works justice, I haven't found it out yet.

Consider this my refusal to join Opiate Eaters Anonymous.

MANLY WADE WELLMAN.

Pinebluff, N. C.

SIR: I have been following your series of diagnoses of contemporary American literature with great interest and an ever-increasing guilt complex; for I am the horrendous fiend who has driven all those promising young writers to suicide, to exile, or to Hollywood. It is a terrible disgrace to be an "average reader."

I work eight hours a day in a laboratory — work that requires constant use of eyes and intellect. By evening I am much too tired and fuzzy-minded to read great literature. The philosophical studies of Emerson and Toynbee swim through my brain in an amorphous cloud — without shape, without direction, without penetrating. And the sufferings of Captain Ahab or Lord Jim call for a response I lack the vitality to make.

So I turn to mysteries and to Angela Thirkell — to books that give pleasure without strain—just as my numerous brothers turn to the historical novel, to the Book-of-the Month Club, and to Thorne Smith.

Week ends I devote to "serious" novels and to the leaders of the non-fiction list. (By "serious" novels I mean, of course, propaganda tracts thinly disguised as fiction.) There are, however, five week days for every week end, and so, in my choice of magazines, rental novels, and pocket-books, I pay the competent "slick" writer out of proportion to his ability. I shall probably always overpay him.

I spend little time worrying about the true genius. If he writes for me I will read him and buy his books; as my brothers in the past read Trollope and Dickens, and bought more of Arnold Bennett's "serious" works than they did of the "tripe" he wrote to earn a living. If, like Joyce, he writes for the few, he should not expect me in his audience. The true genius, I believe, will say what he has to say, come hell or Hollywood. Apathy, on my part, may enrage him, but it will never deter him.

The author who most sorely needs my encouragement and my cash is the near genius—the author with the spark but not the flame. But how am I to tell from his first formative novels whether his spark is worth the fanning? The judgments of the learned critics, and even of the authors themselves, are not infallible.

ELIZABETH H. THOMAS.

Washington, D. C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But Mecca is over *that* way!"

"The Pearl"

SIR: In his review of Steinbeck's "The Pearl" on Nov. 22, Maxwell Geismar displayed a gross lack of comprehension of *both* the works of Steinbeck and his subject matter, which must be appallingly apparent to any objective-minded person.

We wish to cite specifically:

In paragraph four of the article he makes the following statement:

> And what one notices again is how much more interested Steinbeck really is in the natural scene, and in animal life, than in the people or the human emotions of his narratives.

We challenge any intelligent person to survey Steinbeck's works and note how character presentation and development outweigh any mere description of the natural scene or of animal life.

We quote once again from the review:

> But the quality that has marked Steinbeck's work as a whole is precisely the sense of black and white things, and good and bad things—that is to say, the sense of a fabulist or a propagandist rather than the *insight* of an *artist*.

Let Mr. Geismar reread, or rather let a person with an ounce of feeling in his being read, "Pastures of Heaven," "Tortilla Flat," or "Of Mice and Men," and dare to make such a statement.

Specifically, to choose at random from a legion of examples, could such a person read that section from "Pastures of Heaven" describing Jakob and his son Junius down at the pool by the Sycamore, or the death of Lennie from "Of Mice and Men," without being moved by Steinbeck's power as an artist?

We have lived, and are living, in comparatively close contact with just such Mexicans as Steinbeck writes about. There is not a day passes but what new evidence is presented in our every-day life, of how perfectly Steinbeck has comprehended and delineated these people. One of us is conversant with the Spanish language and I can assure Mr. Geismar that Steinbeck has not presented a "suburban romanticism" of the Juans and Pablos of "Tortilla Flat" and the others of his works.

In conclusion, we feel quite confident in believing that Steinbeck, and the human beings he has so powerfully portrayed, will prove fit additions to the ranks of the immortals of literature.

ARTHUR E. ROBSON, JR.
HOWARD H. HOLMAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Seeing Things

TEN YEARS LATER

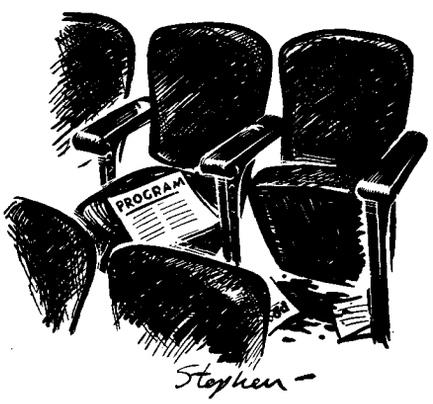
WE are accustomed to reading "One month later" or "Two years later" in our theatre programs. And then having the curtain go up on a new scene in the same story. To such jumps in time we do not, as a rule, give a second thought. At least, not as playgoers. We take them for granted, knowing that their excuse is our pleasure. But let the clocks in a script, as revived, stand still when those in the world out front and all around the playhouse have swept forward, and the difference between imaginary and actual time is at once made clear. What was no problem in the realm of make-believe becomes a genuine one in the world of fact.

"The Cradle Will Rock"* is a case in point. Ten years—only ten years, a dramatist might say if he were dividing one scene from another in an episodic play—have slipped by since Marc Blitzstein's labor opera first exploded on Broadway. Yet, in the presence of the current revival of Mr. Blitzstein's work, those ten years seem far longer than a decade. They do more than mark a passage in time. They divide two worlds—the uneasy, peaceless, and befuddled post-war world in which we find ourselves today, and that simpler, smaller, confident universe of which Mr. Blitzstein was writing.

Do not misunderstand me. Mr. Blitzstein's sceneryless opera has not been becalmed by the years. It continues to rank with "Waiting for Lefty" as the most arresting drama of social protest to have been written in this country. Its score, though now played by a full orchestra on stage instead of by Mr. Blitzstein alone at the piano, retains its vigor. The straight oratorio manner in which its singing actors rise in turn from their seats behind the footlights to impersonate the oppressed and the oppressors in Mr. Blitzstein's Steeltown has not lost its vitality or interest as a stunt.

"The Cradle Will Rock" still hits ruthlessly and hard, and offers its theatrical excitements. Old hat as its basic concepts were even in the late Thirties, they continue as stated to create the illusion of originality. Moreover, the present cast, in which Will Geer once again plays to the hilt the villainous Mr. Mister, is better than the original, including as it does admirable performances by Estelle Loring, Vivian Vance, Muriel Smith, and, above all, Alfred Drake.

Nevertheless there is a difference. "The Cradle" no longer rocks as it formerly did. Its very certainties at present seem quaint. Where by intention they were once disturbing,



they now strike us as being almost enviable.

No grays can be found in the thinking of "The Cradle Will Rock"; more precisely, in its feeling, because it is a work of emotion, not thought; of indignation rather than intellect. Everything in Mr. Blitzstein's agitational cartoon is done in bold strokes, with broad brushes, and in black and white. Everything is posteresque in scale, impact, and lack of subtlety. The libretto's Mr. Mister is a villain designed to make Simon Legree, Uriah Heep, Fagin, Boss Tweed, and General Meyers look like so many Eagle Scouts. Mr. Mister not only runs Steeltown. He is Steeltown. Worse than being a miscreant, he is a caricature of a miscreant.

The newspaper editor, the college president, the doctor, and the other "respectable" citizens who have sold out to Mr. Mister are contemptible toadies. Their morals are such that the only difference between them and the prostitute who is hauled into night court with them is their amateur standing. Everyone in Steeltown who is rich, or even comfortably well off, is exposed by Mr. Blitzstein as being sulphurous or foolish for no other reason than that he or she is *not* poor. In the same way, everyone who is poor is shown as being sweet or noble for no other cause than that he or she is *not* rich.

When Mr. Blitzstein wrote, he, like most other Americans, was thinking only of America. He was angrily aware of the social injustices in which the country abounded (and abounds), but he was confident these could be cured. He saw them in terms no more complex than those in which he drew his characters. Hindsight permits us to see that his solution was naïve (to put it mildly) in its over-simplification. His remedy? His panacea? His aspirin with which to cure all the headaches of the nation? Only let underprivileged men and women form themselves into strong Unions and thereupon—pronto, P.D.Q., instanter, and immediately (according to Mr. Blitzstein in 1937)—the hillsides in the U.S., even of Steeltown, would be dew-pearl'd, the lark on the wing, the year at the spring, and all right with the world. It was as easy as that.

A PROOF of the world's present sorrow is that, as Americans, we now know the solution is not that easy. We have our unions and, during the last ten years, they have grown in scope and authority. They are very much with us. Moreover, they are here to stay, though so far as tactics are concerned we may not always be able to stay with them. Much as we may regret the selfishness with which some of these unions have functioned; much as we may deplore the abuses of certain of their power-drunk leaders who, God willing, are the last of the robber-barons, no enlightened person can at present dispute the validity of the idea of unionization. As a people, we are delighted to have labor win its proper protections, rewards, and recognition. Our trust is that, in that equity which is a just society, these will also be enjoyed by capital and the huge middle class.

But if all our unions were models of perfection, if all our capitalists were saints wearing haloes, and if all the palpable social and racial inequalities and injustices had been corrected which smudge our democratic pretensions, the United States today would still be far removed from the millennium. In 1937 most Americans lived, as it were, in a house that had its windows closed on the outside world. The war and the warring years of peace which have followed it have changed all that. They have pried those windows open. They have shattered the glass in the panes, and blown loose the stoutest storm shutters.

"The gale of the world has carried

**THE CRADLE WILL ROCK, a play in music by Marc Blitzstein. Staged by Howard Da Silva. Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein or Howard Shanet. Presented by Michael Myerberg. With a cast including Alfred Drake, Vivian Vance, Will Geer, Muriel Smith, David Thomas, etc. At the Mansfield Theatre.*

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SCREEN

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STAGE

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in "MEDEA"
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JOHN GIELGUD in
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT
Dramatized by RODNEY ACKLAND
with LILLIAN GISH
VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF • ALICE JOHN
SANFORD MEISNER • E. A. KRUMSCHMIDT
and DOLLY HAAS
Directed by THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
Associate Producer, BEA LAWRENCE
NATIONAL, West 41 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

me away," cried Mihailovitch when he was brought to trial. That gale now sweeps through every American home, and churns the air in the most placid inland village. There is no escaping from it. We need, as never before, to set our own house in order. In our secret hearts we know that the good will of nations is not a purchasable commodity. Mere money will never win the cold war or insure a lasting peace. It will only win us the hatred of those countries that cannot pay us back. Every individual who has ever been unable to repay a personal loan knows how quickly gratitude turns to resentment. The final implementation of any plan we as a nation may have to offer the world is bound to be the persuasiveness of the example set by us as a free, happy, and prosperous people. This alone will in the long run make the democratic idea contagious.

Yet, even as we dream and labor to make America the America of our bravest phrases, we are forced to realize she does not, cannot, stand alone. Her health is dependent upon the health of the whole community of nations. Spiritually no less than economically, that outside world Mr. Blitzstein was able to overlook a decade back has become a vital factor in our national well-being. As Secretary Marshall put it, "our foreign policy has entered the American home and taken a seat at the family table."

The brash insularity of "The Cradle Will Rock" is one of the reasons why it now seems old-fashioned. There are others. Although we may sympathize with the anger of Mr. Blitzstein's opera, we are forced today to smile at its assurance. Interesting as "The Cradle" remains as an experiment in showmanship, we are both amazed and amused at its utter blindness to the complexities of even national life. Its very confidence in the truth of the sheep-and-goat division of its characters destroys our confidence in it as an adult study. In a world that has become so largely gray, we are astonished to be reminded that anyone could ever have found it all black and white.

Mr. Blitzstein is not to be blamed if the spirit of the day about which he wrote is not the spirit of the

SCREEN

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Rockefeller Center
A masterpiece of dramatic entertainment
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Charles LAUGHTON • Charles COBURN
Ethel BARRYMORE
Louis JOURDAN and VALLI
in David O. Selznick's production of Alfred Hitchcock's
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IRENE M SELZNICK presents
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TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
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STAGE

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CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • JAMES MITCHELL
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St. Evgs 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
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KATHARINE CORNELL GODFREY TEARLE
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
with KENT SMITH
LENORE ULRIC—RALPH CLANTON
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
Martin Beck, W. 45. Evs. 8:15. Mat. Wed-Sat

"RICHLY SATISFYING DRAMA"
—Barnes, Her. Trib.
The Winslow Boy
A New Play by TERENCE RATTIGAN
EMPIRE Thea., 40th Street & Broadway
Evgs. at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

"I RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY."
Wolcott Gibbs, New Yorker
FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE presents
Basil RATHBONE • Wendy HILLER
"The Heiress"
by Ruth and Augustus Goetz
with Patricia COLLINGE
Production by JED HARRIS
BILTMORE, W. 47 ST. MATS. WED. & SAT.

"HERE'S A HAPPY HIT."
Garland, Journal American

THE Hartmans
in the smash Musical Revue
ANGEL IN THE WINGS
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A DIRECT HIT!"—Walter Winchell
PAUL KELLY in
COMMAND DECISION
with
JAY FASSETT
PAUL McGRATH
FULTON, W. 46th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

times in which we re-see "The Cradle Will Rock." No one foresaw, or could have been expected to anticipate, the enormity of the decade's changes and its toll. It is time that has dampened Mr. Blitzstein's bomb—time and the mass miseries and uncertainties released first by a global war and then by a peace which is no peace. If "The Cradle Will Rock" is not what it was ten years back, neither is the world. It is the world that has been rocked and Mr. Blitzstein's opera that has stood still.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Street of Four Seasons

By Marcia Masters Jennings

ALWAYS when autumn comes—
I think of the voices of afternoon children
Lagging toward home;
And the smell of wet leaves
Puckered by smoke.

On the street where I used to live
I knew what the years were:
The sound of a dog barking
Just as the light slipped
From the last fence;
And dusk moving gently
Over the lawn.

Winter, like spring, arrived overnight,
Hurling snow against step and wall,
Comforting barren branches.
Sundays knew they were Sundays:
The cold-frocked bells talked loud and clear
As the white smoke prayed
Over the chimneys.

Later—you could hear the sleds,
And the sunset shriek of children
Flying down snow.

Spring, in love with itself
As it never is here,
Meant grandstands of tulips
Out in the park,
And lollipop sticks dropped in the street.

In summer the ice wagon pulled
At its reins in the hot sun,
And fruit rode by like a lady
On a high throne,
Teasing the withered old women
Who bargained for one cold plum.

But now Sundays and spring
And lamb on a promised platter
Belong to an album:
Life is no longer the street of four seasons,
Nor time—a boy scuffing leaves;
Nobody knows what the years are.

If all the books in the world vanished
the minute hand of civilization would stop, and, in our lifetime, man's knowledge would revert to that of the sundial era.
Have you bought a good book lately?
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STAGE

"THE WITTIEST PLAY IN TOWN" Atkinson, Times
MAURICE EVANS in
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY
Man and Superman
ALVIN Thea., 52nd St. W. of B'way. • CI 5-5226
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30

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Personal History.

Boswell quotes Dr. Johnson as saying, "They only who live with a man can write his life with any genuine exactness and discrimination; and few people who have lived with a man know what to remark about him." Boswell knew very well what to remark about his ponderous friend. As Macaulay wrote, "Boswell's Life of Johnson is assuredly a great, a very great work.—Boswell is the first of biographers." But Boswell was something more than just the first of biographers. We have discovered in these later times that Boswell, too, as well as Dr. Johnson, was a creative personality of great force. With extraordinary pertinacity he struggled against the handicaps of his own character to revolutionize the art of biography. . . . Such dissimilar men as Gifford Pinchot and Potemkin, whose lives are discussed here this week, depended like Boswell upon the same pertinacity and the same force of character to make their mark on the world.

Apologia for Dr. Johnson's Satellite

THE HOODED HAWK, OR THE CASE OF MR. BOSWELL. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1947. 312 pp. $4.

Reviewed by HERBERT ASKWITH

ON THE premise that Boswell has had rough handling at the priggish hands of very superior critics and prudes—not for any literary failings but for his moral frailities—Wyndham Lewis, a Britisher with several previous books to his credit, has written a Boswell apologia which turns out to be the most notable contribution to Johnsonian literature in our day.

The virtues which justify this great distinction are three: it is brilliant performance on its own merits, to be admired and enjoyed as good reading regardless of its thesis. Second, it brings to life, with the skill of a first-rate dramatist, both the gaiety and the squalor of the London of Johnson's and Boswell's day. And, third, it keeps to an even keel of balance and sanity in its appraisal of Boswell's eminence and character.

The conspicuous absence of these virtues, in varying measure, in other books brought forth on the perennial subject of Johnson and Boswell, sharpens the desire to shout hosannas over the Wyndham Lewis book.

Lewis takes a waspish delight in chastising Macaulay and other critics who have been very severe with Boswell. To American readers, at least, this will seem a bit "dated." On this side of the Atlantic, Macaulay's tirade on Boswell has long ago faded into the limbo of outmoded opinions, hanging on only in the more copycat textbooks and encyclopedias. Apparently the atmosphere Wyndham Lewis moves in is still charged with an air of condescension toward Boswell. Here in America, in circles that show any keen interest in the Boswell and Johnson duet, the tendency to put Boswell on a pedestal—occasionally even higher than Johnson's—is marked. So this apologia for Boswell by this fine English hand will appear somewhat belated to our American students of the Johnson era.

To the great credit of Wyndham Lewis, it should be noted that he exhibits "no desire whatever to idealize or whitewash or explain Boswell away." He was "no edifying figure," he admits. He was "regularly tipsy, but he was not," Lewis insists, "an old soak." And "between bouts he was plainly fit for any company." There is neither blind idolatry here nor cold appraisal. The book fairly glows with the author's sympathy for his subject, his warm affection for a very human and lovable being, yet there is no attempt to gloss over his lapses and peccadilloes. And with all his admiration for the undoubted genius which produced the world's greatest biography, Lewis never does violence to the reader's sense of values, as an American admirer of Boswell did recently (in the "Portable Johnson & Boswell" preface) when he referred to Boswell as the "greater genius" of the two.

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

"In America . . . the tendency to put Boswell on a pedestal — occasionally even higher than Johnson's—is marked."

Nowhere in this book does the apologist for Boswell feel any compulsion to demote Johnson in order to build up Boswell. In fact, the author's admiration and affection for the Doctor are as evident as his love of the satellite who revolved around him. And not only for the famous pair—but for the age in which they lived. A keen understanding and appreciation of the grace gusto of eighteenth-century England shine on every page of this book, and help to make it the masterpiece that it is.

Herbert Askwith is the editor of the Modern Library Giant edition of Boswell's "Johnson."

First Forester

BREAKING NEW GROUND. By Gifford Pinchot. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 522 pp. $5.

Reviewed by RUSSELL LORD

AMERICAN-born in 1831 of French descent, James W. Pinchot encouraged his son Gifford, born in 1865, to go to Europe for forest training after finishing at Yale ('89); and the son became, literally, the first professional forester in the United States.

He took his forestry work at the Ecole National Forestière near Nancy. French parents inclined at the time to send wild sons there, much as some are sent to military academies even now, for open-air exercise and discipline. But there were a few good trained foresters on the faculty, and the following summer great Sir Dietric Brandis, a knighted British forester, led a few chosen students on a walking trip through his native Germany and on into Switzerland.

Sixty-six!, Pinchot reports admiringly, yet that old man wore the boys down. "One down, t'other come on. He was one of the few great trampers I have known that turned his toes out." They saw many a lot of woodland beautifully cared for and highly productive. But that wasn't much help to Pinchot when, in 1890, he came home. "Sir Dietric had done his work

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under an autocracy. This was different. I had to blaze my own trail."

Going forth to see his own country for the first time, he set foot to earth in thirty-one states. In California: "Every fence post seemed to hold a meadowlark, and great blankets of the richest colors kept the hillsides warm." He swapped stories by campfires with John Muir, "a storyteller in a million." It was a marvelous six months. Then he took on the management of 7,000 acres out from Belmont, North Carolina, for George Vanderbilt and Frederick Law Olmstead, private propertiers. That tract is part of the Pisgah National Forest now. He came to know it "like the back of my hand." And at eighty, looking back: "I wonder at the vitality that drove me after a hard day's work to ride a bucking horse just for the fun of it."

Still in the nineties: "The pioneer work at Biltmore began to raise a family." Trained American foresters widened their practices. With a stroke of the pen President Cleveland doubled our forest reserves to a total of thirty-five million acres. In 1898, Gifford Pinchot became head of Government forestry, chief of the "little old Forestry Division" in the Department of Agriculture. In '99 he challenged Yale men and others to join his staff at $25 a month and expenses when afield, $40 a month and no expense allowance when in Washington. Then in came T.R. as President. G. P. wrote him a speech that was pure G.P. doctrine: "The fundamental idea of forestry is the perpetuation of the forests *by use.*" They were old friends. On a trip to the Adirondacks, T.R. had just thrown G.P. at wrestling; but, as to boxing: "I had the honor of knocking the future President of the U.S.A. off his very solid pins."

Those were good years. Pinchot organized and drove the Forest Service to a high peak of dedicated, salty, and gentlemanly public service. T.R. backed his every move and sally; and between them, with their Conference of the Governors at the White House, they carved out an ecological concept of full conservation (a name they coined from the fact that India had conservancy districts) — an interrelated attack on soil, water, wood, mineral, game, animal, and human waste which, even today, has never been fully grasped or realized.

Then President Taft came in. Pinchot could not change allegiance to that sort of man and administration. He was a T.R. man, heart and soul. "It was as though a sharp sword had been succeeded by a roll of paper, legal size." There were quarrels. Taft fired him as Chief Forester. Gifford Pinchot lived until last year, and served most usefully as Governor of Pennsylvania and as a free-lance conservationist. But he never quite got over the bitter disappointment of another old deal following hard upon a new one, as they invariably do.

He fought to the end for what he knew was right. He was a splendid individual and a working patriot. This country is raising some more like him now. Even in this day of general reaction, confusion, doubt, selfishness, and fear, we experience, nonetheless, a vigorous renewal of the original American conservation movement up and going, with right, left, and middle-wingers all in on it, full-force. And whether they knew G.P. personally or not (as I did, off and on, from 1909 until last year) he was in some part their father.

I shall not review at length the later chapters of this book, assembled by close friends and partisans from nearly a million words that composed the manuscript of the whole. They rehash at too great length the old, vexed question of whether the Forest Service should stay in the Department of Agriculture (on the land-*use* principle) or whether it should be over in Interior, conserving land against human desecration as Indian reservations, national parks, etc. A nice point, no doubt, but a sad waste of time and energy that should be devoted to conserving unitedly no traditional bureaucratic arrangement, but our land, itself.

To close, we return to veritable Pinchot, testifying:

> At eighty, it may be too late for me; but I have more books I want to write . . . my years at Harrisburg, another volume of fishing tales, perhaps some hunting stories, too; something about the family for my grandchildren; and not a little else. There will scarcely be time for all the projects I have in mind.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WOMEN ARE SKIN DEEP *Paul Whelton* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Washington lobbyist ice-picked at wild studio party. Reporter Garry Dean, chance guest, finds self immersed in merry maids and murder.	More veracious than most tales of Capital crime—both amateurs and pros are believable. Fast action, brittle chatter, unforeseen solution.	Exhilarating
ARMCHAIR IN HELL *Henry Kane* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Corpses "scattered like confetti" give N. Y. "private richard" Peter Chambers tough time until he discovers who swiped priceless tapestries and why.	Lush gambling dens, bars of all descriptions, thugs large and small, dames galore—alive and dead—and Chambers gyrating like mad.	For tough-un addicts
MINUTE FOR MURDER *Nicholas Blake* (Harper's: $2.50)	Lovely, and widely loved, secretary in London government bureau strangely poisoned in presence of many friends, including Nigel Strangeways, who elucidates.	High marks in all depts., especially some smashing chapters towards end. No biff-bang action, but yarns like this don't need it.	Very-best British Brand
NO TEARS FOR THE DEAD *Rae Foley* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Quiet Conn. inn scene of bride-groom's strychning and other casualties. Artist-guest calls in sleuth friend to spot elusive culprit.	Tangled lives of various Connecticutters aptly portrayed; plot sizzles steadily; finish, although effective, is about what acute reader might expect.	Above average
ISN'T IT A CRIME? *Ted Cott, Wm. & D. N. Manners* (Arco: $2.50)	Numerous quizzes about crime and its perpetrators, factual and fictional, about sleuths, murder methods, etc., etc.—and some lively anecdotes.	Questions are not too recondite to stump average evening-party attendants, presentation is pleasant and pictures are good fun.	Good stunt-book
DRINKS ON THE VICTIM *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2)	Cold-blooded New York mag.-publisher stabbed at bibulous week-end party. Desmond Shannon is called in and other fatalities follow.	Lengthy European beginning may set stage but has little to do with rest of yarn which is regular Shannon fire-fight.	Routine

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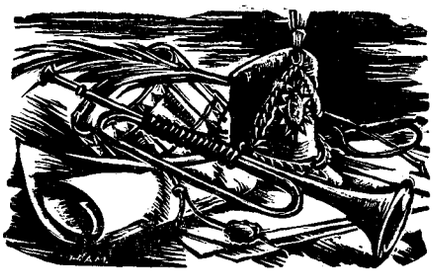
Catherine and the Guardsman

POTEMKIN: Soldier, Statesman, Lover and Consort of Catherine of Russia. By George Soloveytchik. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1947. XIV + 346 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by D. FEDOTOFF WHITE



THE NAME of the Prince Clarissime of Tauris evokes in our minds the so-called "Potemkin Villages" and the famous Eisenstein film about the rebellious battleship. Mr. Soloveytchik tells us (and on good authority) that the "Villages" story was a malicious invention of a German scribbler, and offers proof that there were excellent reasons for naming a battleship after Potemkin, the founder of Russian naval power in the Black Sea. This very readable biography is based on a considerable amount of research and a good knowledge of historical literature pertaining to the reign of Catherine II of Russia.

Potemkin, for his day a well-educated man, was endowed with a very unusual combination of gifts. Catherine herself, in writing to her Paris agent, Frederick Melchior Grimm, announcing the change in her lovers, said that Potemkin was "one of the greatest, most bizarre, and most entertaining eccentrics of this iron age." The British minister at the Court of St. Petersburg, Sir James Harris, agreed that the new favorite was a man of parts: "He . . . discovered a mixture of wit, levity, learning, and humor, I never met in the same man."

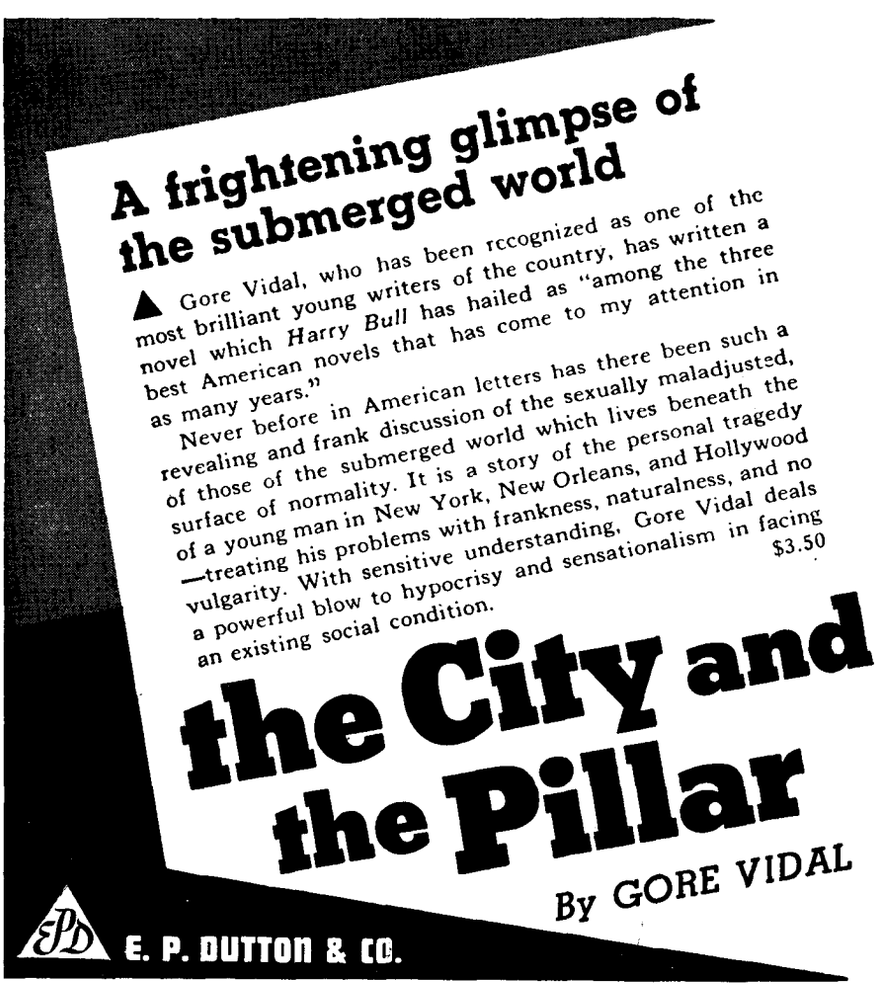
The imperial love affair described by the author was more than a passing whim of a woman in her middle forties for an oversexed guardsman. Drawing on hundreds of notes of Catherine to Potemkin, Mr. Soloveytchik makes clear to what extent the powerful brain and the iron will of the favorite were involved with his career as a lover and, later, as a statesman. It is little known that Catherine and Potemkin were actually married in a secret church ceremony in 1774. Potemkin had thus become the Prince Consort in a morganatic, hush-hush way. The part of the book dealing with this aspect of Potemkin's life, when he was Catherine's "golden pheasant," out-Ambers the most amberish historical novel.

But this is much less than half of the story. The English and French diplomatic correspondence shows Potemkin as the anglophile statesman, anxious to establish the closest relations between Russia and Great Britain. The account of his seemingly endless talks with the British envoys is fascinating, particularly so in the part dealing with the surprising offer of Minorca by England to enable Russia to establish a powerful naval base in Mare Nostrum, in return for Catherine's aid in bringing about the settlement of the war then being waged between England and France allied to Spain. These pages form a curious footnote to the often repeated assertions that England was always unalterably opposed to Russia's getting a foothold for her naval forces in the Mediterranean.

Nevertheless, the main claim of Potemkin to greatness is not in the field of diplomacy. It lies in his remarkably broad-gauged and far-seeing planning of colonization and industrial upbuilding in the south of Russia, then just liberated from the age-old threat of the marauding Crimean Tartars and the grip of the then powerful Ottoman Porte. The Prince of Tauris, as a builder and town planner, was a man after Mr. Lewis Mumford's heart. In writing about this facet of Potemkin's activities, Mr. Soloveytchik brings up a claim that his hero was a forerunner of the Zionists inasmuch as he wanted to establish the Jews in Palestine. As the Prince feared that the Jews would be beset there by dangerous enemies, he formed the first Jewish regiment in modern history, the Israelovsky, as a means of training the Jews in the use of arms.

The Victorian moral code was not on the horizon as yet. The fascinating, grotesque, and gay (for those who could afford the price) eighteenth century was in full swing when Potemkin moved across the Russian stage he so much helped to decorate.

Mr. Soloveytchik wisely refrains from applying later ideas and standards to that baroque world, which had its counterparts in other countries of Europe. He has written a delightful book about a complicated and powerful personality. For its reading interest alone, the volume deserves to become widely known. And it is good history, too.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THE "LITTLE MEN" OF LITERATURE

(*Continued from page 6*)

a person who cannot spell can form alphabet blocks into words, if he has the image of a dog or a pig painted on the wood to guide his fingers. It is another expression of a comic book mentality, a new form of written illiteracy.

Appropriately the Little Men often stem from the so-called little magazines, and point to these periodicals as their honored ancestors. No author worthy of the name could object to any journal for literary experiment, however he might disagree with its methods and its purposes. Any author understands that all writing is an experiment, an experiment to obtain an effect, to sway the emotions, to stir the intellect. Every good writer is an innovator, a rebel. But he must be a disciplined rebel, who knows the value of form, as well as the proper time to disregard its limitations. Even the wildest revolutionary does not hurl his bombs at random; he waits for the precise moment when the carriage with the king is passing. As long as the men of the little magazines, with their doctrines of formlessness and diffuseness, remained experimenters no one could quarrel. It is now that they have risen from their blurred pages, and become the Little Men of criticism, that their presence is a menace. Aware of their inferiority, they know that they can flourish only in a world of the mediocre; overwhelming all others besides themselves with ridicule, they seek to set the standards and thus disqualify their betters. Theirs is a dangerous form of intellectual fascism. They are the SS men of American literature.

They are at heart frightened creatures, these Little Men, who hunt in packs, for only the brave travel

alone; they follow each other's movements closely as they run, so that they may act in unison. But because they are numerous and noisy, they give an effect of strength; and weak men tremble and run away, or join the pack for safety. They have come to the gates of ancient colleges, the citadels of our culture, and, baying Joyce and Stein, by sheer noise have entered. Matters have reached the peak of irony when in some of our universities the students may take courses in the work of these two literary impostors. For a university thus to dignify charlatanry is as though a professor of mental hygiene in a medical school sent his students to spend a year with a mind reader in a Coney Island side-show.

With their formlessness and their cults of the moment, the Little Men have robbed writing of its greatest strength, its universality. In the African jungle I have watched the story-teller relate his tale to a hypnotized circle of naked savages; in wars I have seen men, waiting for the signal that would bring their deaths, read in fascination some mud-stained book that chanced into their hands. I cannot imagine their listening to the meaningless jargon of Gertrude Stein or reading the latest manifesto of existentialism.

The Little Men of criticism have been all authors' enemies. And publishers should mark their birthdays with funeral wreaths, as nations mark tragic events in their history. For their influence has driven vast numbers who might otherwise have read good books fleeing in terror from the printed page, and sent them off to the numbing solace of the films and radio. I am sure that one of the reasons so many readers are turning to the stilted imaginings of the costume romance is that here at least they can find vigor and movement and clarity. The popularity of swordsmen in ruffles and their queenly companions may be said to be a protest, a sort of mass picketing of present-day writing and criticism.

We live in a world divided, in literature and politics. With nations there is hope of reconciliation, when powerful countries end their swaggering, and young countries, emerging from feudalism, cease looking upon all others with suspicion, like poorly dressed children on their first day at school who regard all their better-dressed fellows as enemies.

But between the artist and the Little Men there can be no meeting. The artist is tolerant, and would give everyone a breathing space. The Little Men are fanatic, and seek all others' annihilation.

It is time for the literary artist to become aware of his danger. It is time for him to waken from his peaceful slumber, and make common front with all those who esteem beauty, so that the Little Men may be pushed back to the dark caves from which they have come. Or his treasures will be lost, and his kind will vanish.

The dwarfs have taken over the castle and are throwing out the giants. The time has come for rescue or all the giants will be dead.

No Spring Till Now

(These words are written on a portrait of the Countess of Pembroke.)

By Roberta Teale Swartz

NO spring till now
Though winter walls the world
And plumes of snow in all the trees are curled
Or else the long ice gleaming cracks the bough;

No spring till now
Though not in fabrics light
You fare, but furs and velvets thick as night,
Gloves in your hand, and veils to cross your brow;

No spring till now
Though each implicit spring
Narcissus-blown, and urgent on the wing,
Fills up the mind remembering seed and plow;

No matter how
The southern wind may be
Blended of freshness and antiquity
I never met the season till in you:
No spring till now.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

THE MORES OF THE LESSER ANTILLES

ONE of the most pleasant and infallible ways of staying warm this winter is to establish your own beachhead on a Caribbean island. It beats oil burners, turtle neck sweaters, Kopper's Coke, and hopping up and down on one foot.

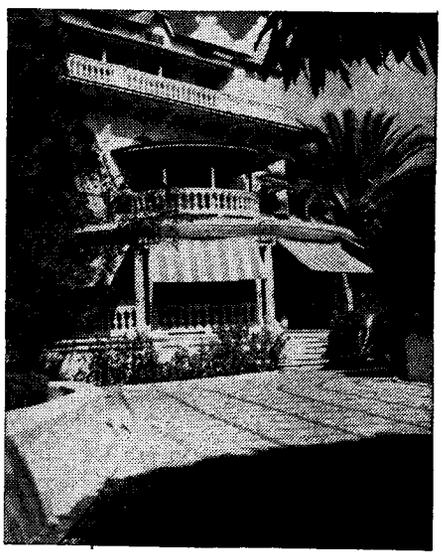
There are two main routes to the limpid waters: by air (Pan American and KLM), or by sea, aboard one of the score or more boats that are finally back in cruise service. The Caribbean isles are about the closest you can get to fantasy this side of Walt Disney. In the whimsical la-dee-da life of the Virgin Islands you can get scotch at $3 a fifth, a divorce in three weeks, and have cocktails in a graveyard. The two hotels in St. Thomas are known as Bluebeard's Castle and the Hotel 1829. Streets have swashbuckling names like Gronigen's Gade, and one store pleasantly calls itself the "As You Like It" grocery. St. Thomas is a free port, and at Maison Danoise, across from the new post office, you can buy Bing and Grondahl porcelain, Royal Copenhagen silver, Swedish Orrefors glass, Jensen silver, and English doeskin gloves, all duty free. Up the street a pair of American ladies run an arty general store which makes and sells market dresses, serves a soup-and-sandwich lunch, and carries the usual low-price imports. One of the partners is the wife of an ex-Marine who never went home, and the other is an ex-cruise passenger who was likewise bewitched and becalmed. The shop is called the Elverhoj, and sometimes when the cruise boats are in the ladies throw a party in the patio, and everybody dances in the lantern light under the sugar apple trees, the flamboyants, and the old Antilles moon.

In the Dominican Republic, up the sea a piece, Raphael Leonidas Trujillo Molina is still playing a plain and fancy shell game. But if you can stand the politics and the Presidente's photos which are plastered like Wrigley signs on U.S. Highway 1, you will find the Hotel Jaragua in Ciudad Trujillo one of the best in the West Indies. Its Miami-like façade fronts on the sea, it has a swimming pool on the front lawn, and come the tropical night there is outdoor dancing in the patio, and indoor gambling in the government-owned casino just off the lobby.

Puerto Rico may become a tourist center one day, but as things go now it is just a warm little turntable which shuttles passengers east and west to the other islands, and south to Trinidad, Belem, and Rio. San Juan has two major hotels, the Condado Beach, big and bizarre, and the Normandie, which was built to resemble the bow of the French ship of equally ill-fated fortune. The Normandie's lobby is filled with a swimming pool, the floors rising in triangular terraces around it. During the war it was the sport of some of the gentlemen of the U.S. Navy to try high dives from the threshold of, say, Room 306, into the emerald water below.

The Escambron Beach Club, smartest spot in San Juan, has a few rooms, and the San Geronimo guest house, run by Pan American as an emergency and VIP lodging place, is new, clean, handsomely decorated, and as hard to get into as Oak Ridge, Tenn.

In the French-speaking, Negro republic of Haiti, most any night, you can still hear the voodoo drums rumble clear and mysterious out of the foreboding hills. Besides the local color, Haiti offers one of the cheapest vacations in the Caribbean. Rooms at the Hotel Splendid, a big white mansion in Port au Prince, are about $7 a day, three meals included. Rum is twenty-cents a shot, handcarved mahogany book-ends $4 a pair, straw shoes, $3. A few cruise boats drop anchor at Port au Prince, but the airlines are buzzing in less than four hours out of Miami. Cuba and Miami have been brought so close, Pan American sends a nightclub special to Havana every evening, bringing the party-goers back to the Florida earth in the wee hours of the morning.



—Photo by Horace Sutton.

From Port au Prince's Splendid Hotel "most any night you can hear the voodoo drums rumble clear and mysterious . . . "

This whole new madness the airlines have wrought in our very own basement was just too much for one American lady who alighted at Ciudad Trujillo, one day, fresh from the cosmopolitan ramparts of Verona, N. J. She gazed incredulously at a signpost that gave the mileages to principal cities all over the world. "But Hubert," she said, still unbelieving, to her husband, "is that in *American* miles?"

HORACE SUTTON.

Exotic Playland

LANDS OF THE INNER SEA. By W. Adolphe Roberts. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1948. 301 *pp.* $4.

ALL THE BEST IN THE CARIBBEAN. By Sydney Clark. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. 251 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by OSCAR A. DE LIMA

THERE are many who seize the opportunities of travel for what they can yield in enlightenment and education as well as in climate and amusement. To such persons approaching the Caribbean area, good books on travel are as essential as their handbags. For in the Caribbean are exotic lands. The contrasts of nature and peoples, and the human struggles under way, are more divergent and foreboding than anywhere in the New World. Delightful climate is the free gift of the area, and delights and amusements are to be had without effort or considerable expense. But even the most experienced world traveler will need help to appreciate the kaleidoscope of the Caribbean and to enjoy fully its fascination.

"Lands of the Inner Sea" is written by a sympathetic author who brings to the Caribbean an unusually observant eye, wide interests, and catholic tastes. With him one travels through the Bahamas and all the Caribbean islands and comes ashore on the South American mainland to visit British and French Guiana and Surinam. Bermuda is added as a sort of travel dividend. W. Adolphe Roberts reports factually and honestly. His story is colorful and entertaining. His comments are not always favorable, but all are obviously sincere. He is sensitive to nature—human and otherwise—and thus notes much that the reader will find of novel interest and which may lead him to pleasant adventures on his own. He has a feel-

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ing for history, and his vignettes of the past, woven into his story, help the reader to understand the struggles of the peoples which populate the islands. Time and space doubtlessly limited his discussions of incidents and places, but "Lands of the Inner Sea" is a volume brimming with Caribbean lore and a worthwhile travel companion.

"All the Best in the Caribbean" gives practical information and guidance to the uninitiated. There are sections on transportation facilities, entry requirements, and the coinages of the territories. Comment is made about the seasons and the weather, and recommendations are made as to clothes considered desirable. Local tourist bureaus are listed. Caribbean hotels are described. Such information is most helpful to novice and even veteran tourists, and should be read before departing from home. There are also condensed histories of the major territories. Half of the volume

is devoted to telling the tourist what to see in the Caribbean lands. It is manifestly impossible to cover in one book all that is of interest and merit in these variegated isles. The author does not attempt to do so. With conscientious effort he has selected that which within his experience and judgment he considers best. He describes his selected features vividly and refreshingly and in adequate detail, and comments about additional points of interest and beauty which may entice the leisurely tourist.

All travel books are liable to mislead, because, after they are written, transportation may be rearranged, or the character of a tourist attraction may change, or a tourist facility may cease to exist. The author of "All the Best in the Caribbean" unnecessarily has exposed his book to such hazards by including inferential recommendations, and discussions, of some tourist facilities which were anticipated but not realized at the time of writing.

Cuba is treated only briefly. (The author has detailed that delightful island republic in another of his travel books already published.) Chapters on the Caribbean Sea coasts of Venezuela and Colombia wisely are included, and Sydney Clark takes you for a quick look-see in the Colombian hinterland. It's all to the good.

Scientist, explorer, naval officer, Oscar de Lima is president of the Caribbean Tourist Conference, and consultant to the State Department on Caribbean affairs.

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SEAWAY	New Northland	Nassau Jamaica, Haiti Cuba	12½ Days	Jan. 19; Feb. 2, 16; Mar. 1, 15, 29; April 12, 26	Jacksonville	$260 Plus U.S. Tax
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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
COUPERIN, MARIN MARAIS, SUITES FOR VIOLA DA GAMBA AND HARPSICHORD. Alfred Zighera, gamba; Putnam Aldrich, harpsichord. Technichord T-9 (5 10″)	An extended range, but noise in shellac spoils it. Data furnished states turnover is at 1,000 (unusually high). This shld. be on vinylite—much of music is soft, needs quiet surface.	B to B+	Rarely heard, first-rate music, played with complex ornaments done right. Gamba sounds hoarse, ineffective at first, grows on rehearing. This an authentic "original" performance, reasonably inspired.
PIANO MUSIC			
BEETHOVEN - LISZT, ADELAIDE, OPUS 108. Egon Petri, piano. Columbia 72163-D (1)	Victor and Columbia currently treat the piano quite differently. Victor's is concert-hall style, brilliant, live, even tinny. Soft spots inaudible, big climaxes. Col. piano is suave, close-to, studio-like, fine bass, better surfaces.	A	A stylistic monstrosity—the unabashed Liszt mixed with simplicity and honesty of Beethoven! Not a happy idea.
SCHUMANN, AUFSCHWUNG, LISZT, UN SOSPIRO. Ania Dorfmann, piano. Victor 11-9672 (1)		B+	An unsympathetic, hurried performance of Schumann, "expressive" in the wrong places. Liszt is mostly arpeggios.
SCHUBERT, IMPROMPTU IN G, OP. 90, 3; WALTZES. Laryla Jonas. Columbia 72047-D (1)	Again a smooth, suave, quiet-surfaced record, studio style, but remarkably clear.	A	Neat Schubert playing, if not profound. Strange rubati in the waltzes.
DE FALLA, EL AMOR BRUJO: RITUAL FIRE DANCE, DANCE OF TERROR. Artur Rubinstein. Victor 10-1326 (1 10″)	This one very loud (due to music, as well as pianist!) Good: Victor's loud piano is best.	A—	Clean, dry, percussive pianism in the Rubinstein way. Good show—this is his meat.
SCHUMANN-BRAHMS-LISZT, played by Artur Rubinstein. Victor M 1149 (3)	A strange album, most of it recorded so faintly that music drowns in surface noise.	B to A—	Rubinstein is not at home in Schumann and Brahms, esp. Brahms. His is too much the outward performance. Liszt is OK!
SCHUMANN, ARABESQUE, OPUS 18. José Iturbi, piano. Victor 10-1325 (1 10″)	Louder, nearer-to than the 12″ Victor piano records. Some percussive peaks.	B+	Brash piano, but seems close to Schumann spirit, in spite of it. Not bad. (But hardly tops.)
SYMPHONIC MUSIC			
FILTZ, SYMPHONY IN E FLAT. Boyd Neel String Orch, Neel. Decca London K 1680 (1)	This string group recorded somewhat less live and echoful than bigger FFRR's—and is the better for it.	A	Mozart-like music. Filtz was one of pre-Mozart "Mannheim"-style composers who developed symphony orch., the "Mozart" style. This is delightful, if not up to Mozart.
BEETHOVEN, SYMPHONY #3 ("EROICA"). Boston Symphony, Koussevitsky. Victor DV 8 (5 *plastic*)	Continues Victor policy of good, live, restricted-range recording for average home machine, for which this is undeniably suited, tho it's not as satisfactory on fancy outfits.	AA	In spite of a few eccentricities, this is a reliable version, if not ideal. Fine acoustics, smooth plastic; recently lowered prices make it best version available and a pleasure to own.
PROKOFIEFF, ROMEO AND JULIET SUITE #2 (Pts. 1, 2, 4, 7). Boston Symph. Koussevitsky. Victor M1129 (2) $3 Comparison: Moscow State Orch. Prokofieff conducting. a) Disc 754 (6) $8.78 b) Compass 101 (6 10′) $7.50	Complete Russian version was dubbed by Disc on 12″ records (also pressed on plastic); Compass imported original. Disc is quiet (on plastic), but wavers; quality reduced. Compass noisy, more faithful.	A	A welcome recording of excerpts from this monumental ballet, from a well-known P. protagonist. But complete version is worth owning for some in spite of technical impediments. P's own conducting is good, sometimes beats Koussevitsky's (Compass version best bet).

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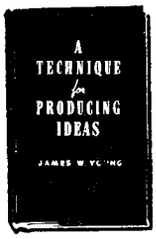

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RED SHEEP

THE FIREBREAK divides the flaming forest
From orchard and pasture slope.
The flames roar and sputter,
Rolling along the inner edge of the circle;
Then whirl inward in billows of smoke.
The blazing sumac crackles and rumbles
Like thunder echoing through a gorge.

Their wool dyed red by the crimson glow,
A flock of sheep huddle in a mass . . .
Their startled silence, sacred as a prayer.

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

* * *

From Earle Walbridge:

Would you care to take note of the centenary of Longfellow's "Evangeline"? She hardly shows her age, at that. The Cambridge Historical Society held appropriate celebrations in the Longfellow House at Cambridge, Mass., on Oct. 30 (the publication date according to Longfellow's "Journal"; the Ticknor & Field's Cost Books at the Houghton Library, Harvard, state that it is November). The leading article in the September issue of the *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America,* by Manning Hawthorne (great-grandson of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who presented the plot of the poem to Longfellow), and H. W. L. Dana, the poet's grandson, goes into interesting detail in its discussion of "The Origin of Longfellow's 'Evangeline'." Evangeline was not a common name before Longfellow popularized it, but it is the full name of Little Eva in Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; Claude Wheeler's mother in Willa Cather's novel "One of Ours" is named Evangeline; and the Mesdames Booth and Adams are other well-known women who bear the name.

Three lines in Longfellow's original manuscript, omitted from the printed version, have a nice touch of alliteration ("they" are Evangeline and her Acadian lover).

> Often in summer they strayed by the ocean, and searching for sea-shells,
> Ankle-deep in the sheeted tide, and then like the beach-birds
> Chased the sibilant wave as slowly it slid down the shingles.

The "Atchafalaya" episode is also of interest, I think (quotations that follow are from Mr. Dana's article):

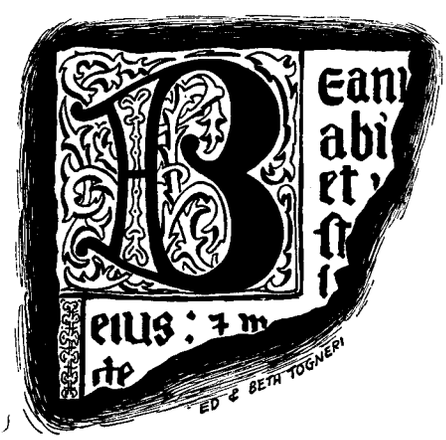
> From the various sources of information about the Louisiana lowlands with which Longfellow had been saturating himself, he had accumulated a number of beautiful names of places, many of which made delicious dactyls for his hexameters. One name seemed to hold a peculiar melancholy enchantment. This was "Atchafalaya," the name of the lake where, screened by an intervening island, the boats of the lovers passed each other and failed to see each other in passing. The name "Atchafalaya," associated as it was with this incident, seems to have become almost a symbol for fateful irony. Ten years after "Evangeline" was published and had been translated and widely spread in Europe, Longfellow learned that the King of Belgium thought this name "so suggestive of experiences in life" that he decided to have a seal cut with the name "Atchafalaya."
>
> "Atchafalaya" and other placenames such as "Opelousas," "Bayou Plaquemine," "Attakapas," "Bayou Têche," St. Maur," "St. Martin," "Natchitoches," and the "Spanish town of Adayes," all reminiscent of the "Eden of Louisiana," remained in the printed text. Longfellow's original manuscript contained still other names that never got into the printed text, such as the "Bayou Bon Dieu," and such lines as:
>
> On the Bayou La Fourche and the Rivers Têche and Vermillion
>
> and
>
> Drains the Prairie Grand Cheveuil and the Lake Chetimaches.

* * *

TRIBUTE

From the owner of two small paper-backed volumes of Robert Herrick's poems, 1844.

W. Smart of Leather Lane,
Lithographer lost to fame,
I protest I am your lover
For that gaudy paper cover.
I survey with fondest looks,
Quaintly scrolled, most fitting dress
For tiny verses' loveliness.
Blue and gold the letters shine—
"Works" both "Human and Divine"



Or, (if shorter titles please)
In scarlet print, "Hesperides."

Robert Herrick, made immortal,
Was *not one to hug the portal*
Harking for a new edition,
Giving printers recognition.
I alone can bumpers drain
To W. Smart of Leather Lane.

MARIE GILCHRIST.

* * *

I suggest to native balladeers that they make use of the story told by John Hopley of San Antonio that won him this year's title of world's champion liar, an award annually bestowed by the Burlington Liars' Club. I have written the following verses:

It happened in Dude McCook's pool room
At Enid, Oklahoma.
The guys were there for the stroke of doom
And it threw them into a coma.

A fly upon the Eight Ball stood
With Skorpea out to pot 'm.
"I'll get that fly, and I'll get 'm good!"
Said the champ of Bog Creek Bottom.

They thought he'd jump the cue ball high
To prove itself a fate ball,
To squash that perky prinking fly
That stood upon the Eight Ball.

But he took his forty-seven-ounce cue
Of Brunswick solid oak,
He chalked her up, sez "Stand back, you!"
And he strook a master stroke.

He done a miracle in one try
With the oak that could not crack,
Fer he knocked the Eight from *under* that fly—
And it fell and broke its back!

* * *

VEX LIBRIS

All kinds of books I'm fond of but
Those whose pages I must cut.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER.

* * *

Two summers ago the lady signing herself "Gretna Green" contributed some clever rhymes to my rash of "erysipelas" verse—and probably no *SRL* reader but now knows how to spell that word! I wonder what's happened to "Gretna"? For a number of years, off and on, I have received amusing communications from her, though I haven't the slightest idea who she really is. In any event she has an unusually sprightly mind!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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WHITE HOUSE DOGHOUSE

(*Continued from page 19*)

posing Byrnes in the North argued not only that labor and the Negroes would not want another Southerner substituted for Garner, but that Irish opinion, already disaffected by Roosevelt's foreign policy, would surely bolt the ticket if Roosevelt ran with an Irishman who had left the Church. "Speaking Frankly" begins in Nuremberg in 1937, but this pattern-making story of Byrnes's opportunity and disappointment in 1940—to which Wallace in turn owed his opportunity and from which he inherited his historic vendetta with Byrnes—it ignores.

Nor does the book relate Byrnes's experiences as Roosevelt's chief political lieutenant in the 1940 campaign and on Capitol Hill until his appointment to the Supreme Court in 1941. The narrative gets back to the point three days after Pearl Harbor, when Byrnes describes his bathroom session with Roosevelt in which he staked out his claim to the succession in 1944. He reports his efforts to get one man appointed to head the Home Front, but the man turned out to be Nelson. Byrnes was able to use Nelson's appointment to handicap Wallace in the Assistant Presidential race; and ten months later, when Nelson's failure called for a new appointment, Byrnes emerged as the heir-apparent — in view of the decisive fact that he was now Director of Economic Stabilization and of War Mobilization. But "Speaking Frankly" apparently proceeds from the fiction that the wartime Assistant Presidency, like the post-war Secretaryship of State, had no connection with the politics of 1944.

For two years Eliot Janeway has written a confidential letter to Henry R. Luce on politics and economics. He is now engaged in writing a history of the World War II Presidency.

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January 24

"The Return of Henry James"

By Henry Seidel Canby

January 31

"Can Anything Be Done for American Radio?"

By Rolf Kaltenborn

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(Continued on page 34)

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(Continued from page 33)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 721

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

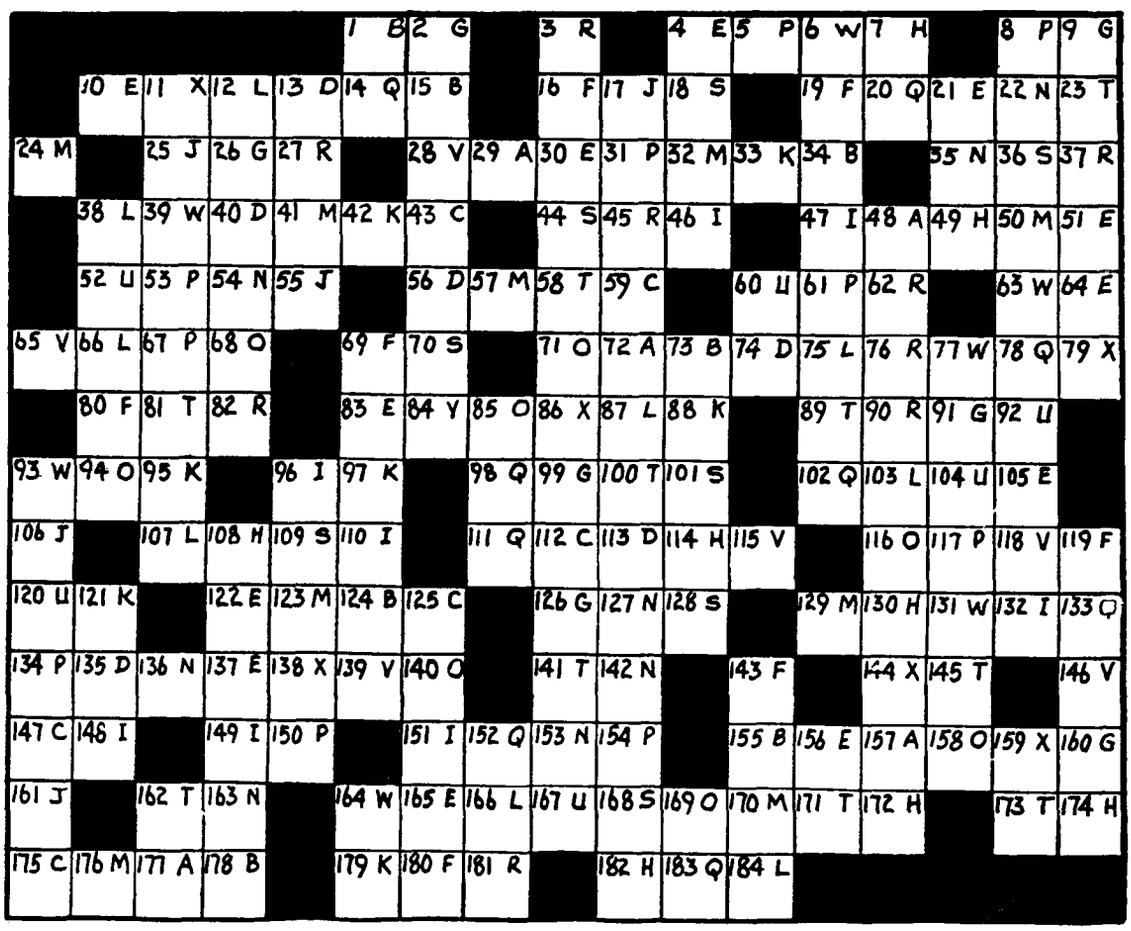
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Commodities; goods.	72 29 48 157 177
B. Entering, of a person in some office, order, or association.	73 34 155 15 1 124 178
C. Enriched with pork or bacon (cooking).	112 147 43 59 125 175
D. English poet and writer (1775-1864).	135 113 74 13 56 40
E. Typifies; exemplifies (another).	165 83 4 51 156 30 64 122 21 10 105 137
F. Of type, Roman (printing).	16 180 69 143 19 119 80
G. Indians of a Yuman tribe on Colorado River in Arizona, California, Nevada.	9 160 99 126 26 91 2
H. Expressed in a brief, pointed, or jerky manner.	182 7 49 130 114 108 172 174
I. Russian-American piano virtuoso and composer (1870-1938).	47 96 46 132 151 149 110 148
J. American painter in New York (1801-46; "Macready as William Tell," Metropolitan Museum).	25 17 55 106 161
K. Fibrous skeletons of the fruit of *Luffa*, used as sponges.	95 33 42 97 179 121 88
L. Large inlet of the Atlantic west of Greenland (2 wds.).	75 66 166 38 87 12 107 103 184

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Tending or serving to summon forth.	170 57 123 50 129 24 32 41 176
N. The space between the lips (Lat.; anat.; 2 wds.).	127 22 163 35 54 153 136 142
O. Cheerful, simple, honest young man in "David Copperfield."	116 85 158 169 140 94 68 71
P. An instrument for examining the nose, its cavities, passages, etc.	53 117 8 61 5 31 67 150 134 154
Q. Applying to a large indeterminate number (humorous).	20 133 111 98 152 14 78 102 183
R. A process to recover possession of land (ancient Welsh law).	37 3 181 27 45 90 76 82 62
S. Having extraordinary genius.	18 44 128 101 70 36 168 109
T. Applied to the hipbone (anat.).	162 81 23 145 173 58 171 141 89 100
U. German bacteriologist (1850-1918; typhoid bacillus, 1884).	120 60 167 52 104 92
V. Wrought with labor.	84 28 115 65 118 146 139
W. Extended to; arrived at; handed over.	77 6 93 131 63 39 164
X. Character in and narrator of part of, "Bleak House" (first name).	79 159 144 138 11 86

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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